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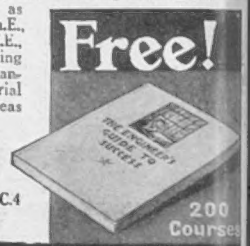

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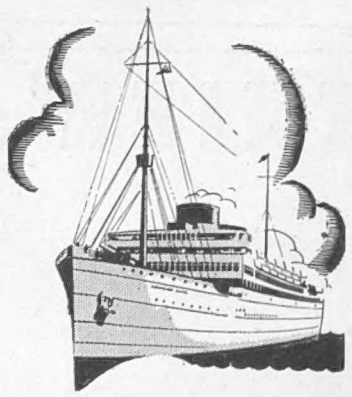

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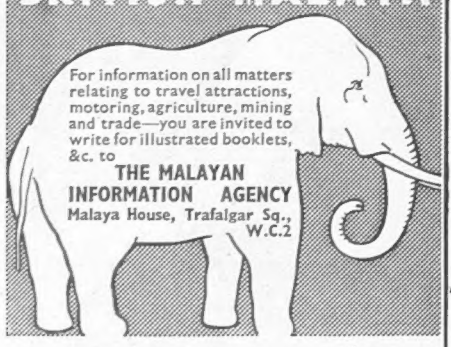

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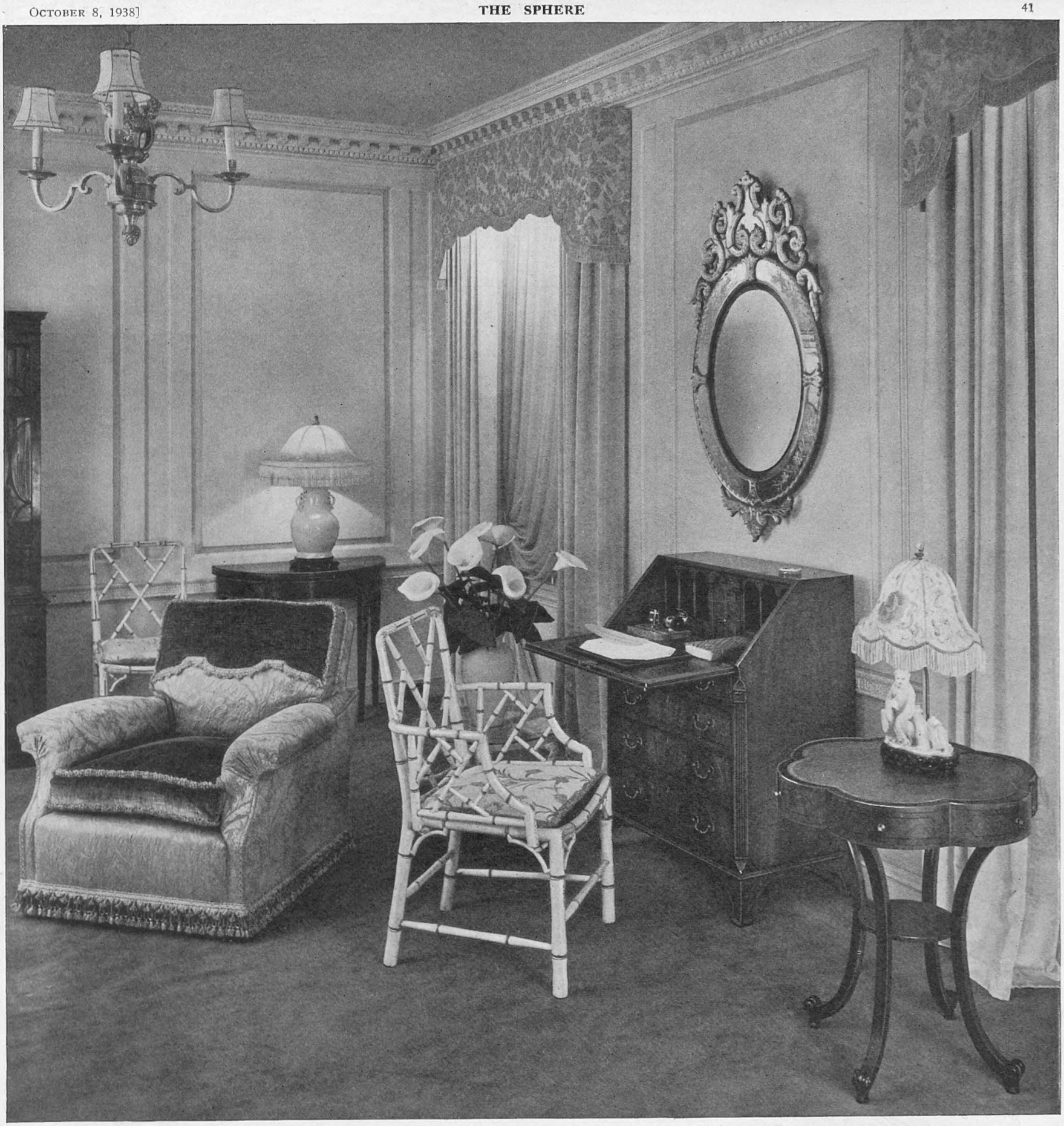

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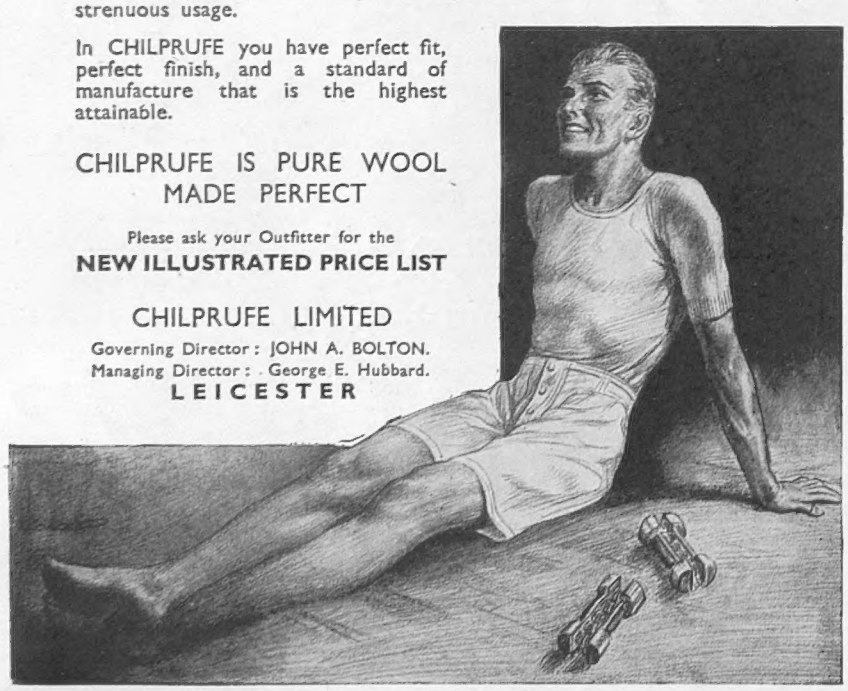

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THE SPHERE
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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, October 8, 1938

THE FÜHRER IN SUDETENLAND

Herr Hitler Acclaimed As He Crossed the Old Czechoslovakian Frontier at Wildenau Before Touring the Ceded Areas

At 11 a.m. on October 3 the German Chancellor, in his capacity as Commander in Chief of the armed forces, made a ceremonial entry into Sudetenland at the frontier post of Wildenau. Herr Hitler traversed the first fifty yards of Sudeten territory on foot, his progress being marked by a chorus of heils from several thousands of Sudetens who gathered at this spot to watch his coming. In a subsequent tour of the ceded areas, the almost magical appearance of Nazi emblems was a noticeable feature. Swastika armlets were, of course, everywhere, and at Asch tall white poles and streamers and a huge banner with a spreading eagle decorated the main thoroughfare. Later, the Chancellor visited Eger where he received a vociferous welcome and delivered an impassioned speech to the assembled throng. "People of the Egerland!" he declared. "To-day I am able to greet you for the first time as my people, and I bear you the greetings of the whole German nation. . . . This greeting is at the same time a vow. Never again shall this land be torn from the Reich! Over the great German Reich lie as a protection the German shield and the German sword. You are part of this protection and will have from now on, like all other Germans, to do your share. . . . For you the nation was ready to draw its sword. You will be equally ready, if ever anywhere else German land and German men are threatened, to do your bit. Thus we begin our march into the great German future"

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

PEACE SUNDAY: Despite torrential rain, enormous crowds thronged to Westminster Abbey in response to the Archbishop of Canterbury's appeal to make October 2 a day of National Thanksgiving. There were similar celebrations in every church throughout the country, and in the evening the Primate delivered the address at a studio service broadcast by the B.B.C.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, October 5, 1938.

THE SLEEPER WAKES.—The nightmare is over. The blinds are drawn up and the sun streams in again.

LONDON'S LORD MAYOR-ELECT: Sir Frank Bowater, who was chosen at Guildhall last week to succeed Sir Harry Twyford in the ensuing civic year. The ceremony was much quieter than usual as it took place before the crisis was ended. Sir Frank Bowater is a brother of Sir Vansittart Bowater, Lord Mayor of London in 1913-14, and during the last war saw distinguished service on the western front

And this child at least rubs its eyes and drinks in with unspeakable thankfulness the glad evidences of a saner and familiar world. Thank God for His mercies. I debate whether to scrap the writings of these hideous days and ring the changes back to prattle of books and plans for the "little season," the shooting season, the hunting season, to talk of party politics, and the hundred and one controversial little problems of our social and domestic-political life. To treat of "autumn in the garden," and all that . . . But I decide against it. The nightmare will not fade quite so quickly. Every man, woman, and perhaps child is marked for life. For middle-aged men like me who still retain memories of the last war, the experience of fitting our own small children with gas-masks, of enduring once again all that agonising boredom of war preparation, even preparation as calmly and finely and efficiently organised as ours has been in the main—the zeal, the muddle, the reduplication of volunteer work, the orders and counter orders, the rumours, lies, injustices and selfless devotion, the calmness of the nation and the fuss of individuals; in a word, the war-time mixture as before—all these experiences have left their mark on our war-scarred minds. It seems right—it seems best—to continue the narrative of events of this crisis from Tuesday last to the blessed *dénouement*—from the darkest hour to the dawn. It is, as before, a day-to-day record of current opinion, constantly shifting and veering, as observed by the writer.

NARRATIVE CONTINUED: THE DARKEST HOUR.—On Tuesday, September 27, the people of Britain were admitted to the auditorium wherein the great drama was being played out. That night Mr. Chamberlain spoke on the wireless. It was a moving speech, not rhetorically but for the sheer misery of mind which clothed his calm, carefully chosen and still pacific sentences. Only once he gave way to a heart cry at the nightmare futility of forcing a peace-loving world into gas-masks on a remote issue already sure of solution by peaceful means. His words gave greater confidence to some, to others I spoke to it seemed to remove the last hope. Some thought it was unwise to leave the loophole that Britain might still not be drawn into war even if Hitler fulfilled to the letter his threats, and some for the same reason deplored his "Don't be frightened if you hear" (of the calling up of territorial units). All united, I feel sure, in noting with thankfulness and pride the difference in tone in a nation-rallying speech by the first Minister of a free democracy and one by the dictator of a totalitarian state. Mr. Chamberlain spoke to free men; spoke, as the late King spoke at Christmas time, to a family of free men, as one gentleman to another. And his speech lost nothing, its effect lost nothing, by his restraint and simplicity. We understand that language. Only our riff-raff are carried away by ranting and rattling and exotic flowers of speech. On Wednesday, 28th, I spoke to several men in various walks of life (and mostly humble) who were quite confident war would not come. (This is an attempt at a narrative of hour-to-hour opinions, a chart of hopes and fears.) Some of these said: No great war ever started so late in the year as October. Others said: If Hitler meant to risk it, he would have said less. The pessimists shook their heads. Even accepting that despite censorship a large part of Germany now knew that Hitler's policy had ranged solid against her England, France, Russia and America also, not to speak of lesser states, it was too late now for Hitler to draw back. A fearful dilemma (they said) had been created for him by his last and fatal bluff. If he withdrew, his reputation for strength, statesmanship and world domination was gone. If he held to his threats, he threw into the abyss (to certain ruin at last) the great work of his life and his own name in history. Of these two alternatives the first was for him the hardest to face that day. Orders to mobilise the Fleet, with many other precautionary measures, were announced in Wednesday's papers. Night and day the work of digging trenches was pressed on in London parks, and many London district schools evacuated their children to long prepared country sites. The sands were fast running out. Then the scene switched to the House of Commons.

RELIEF COMPLETE—SEPTEMBER 28.—"Peace, peace. He is not dead. He did but sleep. He has awakened to the dream of life." Most of us the world over must have felt in the afternoon of September 28 a sense of relief comparable to that of a child awakening from a nightmare of indescribable horror to find his nurse drawing up the blind to let in the sunshine of a brilliant May morning. Humanity, with the screws being driven into its coffin lid, found itself respited at its last breaths. A last-minute reprieve was hurried into the condemned cell. No reaction, no relief, ever equalled this. No nightmare ever compared in blackness, bitterness and agony with that. We still believe that such a blow has been struck for the outlawry of war by the massed voices of the nations that never again on this issue can we come nearly as close to world war. We have been too close to death—agonies to risk again even a part of what was risked. We believe the worst is over, as Mr. Chamberlain confidently believed if he was rightly reported in his utterance in Downing Street. We believe the world has learned its lesson at long last and that somehow, by the exercise of endless patience, constant restraint and a new spirit of forgiveness, pacification and justice, the nations may now get together and settle first the problem at issue and thereafter without pause produce in God's good time a new peace treaty based on justice to all and penalties to none. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum.* There can be no going back to the madness and agony of these past days. We cannot live through them again. Let there but be an amnesty to condemnation, to justification, to bitterness, to pride, and a settlement of Europe may come in our time. Let thankfulness to God, humility for human blindness and a firm resolve to see the other side, dictate our attitude to the new efforts to save our civilisation. We need not pick our words to describe our gratitude to Mr. Chamberlain. But simplest words are best. He shunned no humiliation, spared no physical or mental effort, suffered neither pride nor anger nor bitterness to interfere with his clear purpose, to fight to the last moment to avert the supreme calamity; and to-day he believes that his efforts will bear fruit. Already he has his reward in the gratitude of living men and the veneration of posterity.

THE NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 29.—"I would have given anything in the world to have been in the House on the afternoon of Wednesday, September 28." One or two people said that to me. Do I agree? No, I think not. I think the emotion would have been too much to bear. I suppose no speech was ever listened to with such tension and such attention as that speech. As he took the public step by step into his confidence, as, one by one, the dark places of speculation were lit and the missing words filled in to the cypher, we marvelled at the calmness and clarity of the narrative, and often, I think, commented step by step, "That is what we imagined," "So it must have been." We were left guessing all those black

HEROINE OF THE HOUR: Mrs. Chamberlain, wh by an enthusiastic crowd as she left No. 10, D agreement. So great was the throng that

MEN OF THE CRISIS

Sirovy, Beck, Daladier, and Runciman

A PATRIOT'S DILEMMA: General Sirovy, the new Czechoslovakian Premier, who was called to office as the crisis reached its head and had to make the fateful decision on receiving Germany's stringent terms. In explaining his reasons for acquiescence General Sirovy said:

"This is the most difficult moment in my life. I have taken the decision to save life and to save the nation. Superior force has compelled us to accept. My duty was to consider everything. As a soldier I had to choose the way to peace. The nation will be stronger and more united. The four Powers have decided to ask from us the cession of the German territories. We had to choose between a useless fight and sacrifices. We have accepted unheard-of sacrifices, imposed upon us. We have to choose between the death of the nation and cession of some territories. We shall accomplish the conditions imposed. The main thing is that we are remaining ourselves, and we must be united."

IN HITLER'S WAKE: Colonel Beck, Poland's Foreign Minister, who demanded that Czechoslovakia should hand the Teschen area over to Poland and continued to press for a settlement despite Soviet threats. After Poland had gained her point Colonel Beck declared in a broadcast:

"The Polish–Czech settlement is not to be treated as a victory over a defeated neighbour. It is merely a rectification of the wrong which Czechoslovakia committed nineteen years ago. With the restoration of the old Polish territory beyond the Olza we will have no further grievances against Czechoslovakia. It has been necessary to resort to a violent shaking to bring this about."

Polish troops crossed into Czechoslovakia last Sunday, and there was much jubilation in Warsaw over this bloodless victory which, as one Polish paper wrote, "has brought with it a rich dowry."

ONE OF THE MUNICH FOUR: M. Daladier, who was given a great ovation in Paris on his return from Munich where he conferred with Mr. Chamberlain, Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini, and signed the four-power agreement. His first words on reaching French soil were:

"I return from Germany with the deep conviction that the agreement concluded was indispensable to the maintenance of peace in Europe. To-day, thanks to the wish to make mutual concessions and to the spirit of collaboration which has never ceased to animate the actions of the heads of the Governments of the four great Powers, I have the certainty that peace has been saved. I hope that, having once crossed this dangerous pass, we shall be able to envisage a general settlement of European problems. I repeat that thanks for this result are also due to the iron discipline of the people of France."

A DECISIVE FACTOR: Lord Runciman, Britain's unofficial mediator in the German-Czech dispute, whose letter to Mr. Chamberlain, dated September 21, made it clear that cession of the Sudeten areas was inevitable. In the course of the letter he declared:

"I have much sympathy with the Sudeten case. It is a hard thing to be ruled by an alien race; and I have been left with the impression that Czechoslovak rule in the Sudeten areas for the last twenty years, though not actively oppressive, and certainly not 'terroristic,' has been marked by tactlessness, lack of understanding, petty intolerance, and discrimination. The Sudeten Germans felt, too, that in the past they had been given many promises by the Czechoslovak Government, but that little or no action had followed these promises. I regard their turning for help towards their German kinsmen and their eventual desire to join the Reich as a natural development in the circumstances."

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days and yet . . . there was hardly a detail which, revealed at last, did not seem familiar to us as events and words of which we had been witnesses. The story is now complete to-date, the tremendous tale is published. It is the first volume. We believe with Mr. Chamberlain that it may yet end well. We know as he does that before the last volume is published much water must flow under the bridge. But the bridge is built and the floods need not destroy it. Months hence, years hence, Europe will be engaged in conference. There will be checks, bitterness, quarrels, hopes and fears, but surely not again for a generation will the human race stand so near the abyss. By an overwhelming vote it outlawed war on September 28, 1938. Such was the general belief on the evening of that day.

. . .

The new scene was *Munich, a conference chamber*. I set on record that on the night of September 29 I went to bed apprehensive once more. No announcement came with the 9.40 news, and the Czech replies taken with the tone of the German press was discouraging. The news came to me just before breakfast on September 30. Agreement had been smoothly and swiftly reached by the heads of the four great Powers representing what for years have been two utterly opposed elements in Europe; and from the German people had come such a tribute of heartfelt gratitude to the Chief Apostle of Peace as compared with the wildest tribute ever paid to their own leader. It was a new world indeed, a world from which hope is no longer outlawed.

bearing during the crisis evoked such nation-wide admiration, mobbed ing Street on the morning following the announcement of the Munich was unable to take her accustomed morning walk in St. James's Park

SECURITY OR SIX MONTHS RESPITE?—

Mr. Chamberlain's triumph lasted apparently 24 hours. It was clear then that there are many bitter critics of his policy and that the maximum limit for withholding their attacks was no more than that. Mr. Duff Cooper resigned at once and chose the first fit moment and took the honourable course. It enabled him to make his personal statement on Monday. Mr. Nicolson launched his bitter attack at 2 p.m. on October 1. The majority waited till the meeting of Parliament. According to their natures and abilities these critics employed their weapons of criticism. It is fair to assume that those critics who count at all were all actuated by patriotic and not by party considerations. The party partisans do not count at all, for the public is far too thankful for the intense relief of salvation to care two hoots for the moves of this party or that. The country is united, a national front, against war; that first and last and by all means. More than that, it believes to-day that world opinion (that is, the peoples of civilisation) did last week, with a great shout of "Aye," outlaw war for a generation, and henceforth requires of its leaders that there shall be no war. It believes that two dictators at least saw last week their thrones tottering and know that those thrones will totter again if by their policy they bring their peoples so near to the abyss again. Believing that, British and world opinion holds that Mr. Chamberlain's "surrender" was very much exaggerated and that the victory of peace was more renowned than that of war. It follows as a natural corollary that world opinion holds further that it is vital, if Mr. Chamberlain is to exploit his victory for peace, that distrust and bitter commentary in Parliament and the press must be eliminated. If they continue, then the next essential steps, a measure of disarmament (and perhaps some progress to the outlawry of aerial bombardment on open towns and on civilians) cannot be achieved in time. If those steps are not soon achieved, bankruptcy awaits civilisation. In the circumstances I fancy only a very small minority wastes its sympathy on Mr. Chamberlain's chief critics or thanks them for their courage, good sense, and patriotism in voicing those criticisms to-day. Mr. Chamberlain's victory is spread over to-day and to-morrow and true patriotism requires that his to-morrow shall not be obstructed. Surely it was no "mass hysteria" that directed our thankfulness on September 30, when we received our children back from the grave. Surely it is no "mass hysteria" that twenty-four hours after most of us should still feel that sense of gratitude and still desire not to obstruct the only way to peace which has had any measure of success in our time. If in a few months Mr. Chamberlain completely fails to make any progress towards gradual disarmament, then and then only will come the fit moment to suspect him and his achievement.

MENTAL STRAIN.—If there be a future for civilisation's peaceful researches in the field of science, it may one day be interesting from a medical point of view to re-examine the theories formed after the late war concerning the effects of mental strain due to huge responsibility on the human heart and vital organs. A majority of the army chiefs in the great war died somewhat untimely of heart failure, and the theory was formulated that years of intense responsibility quite certainly weakened the hearts and shortened the lives of these men. If that theory bear examination, it is reasonable to suppose that, with the awful responsibility he has carried, Hitler was taking every day a year off the normal span of his life. But is there any colour for the theory? Does he show signs of the strain? There is no certain evidence that he does. It is perhaps more correct to theorise that there is a type of mind and temperament which can assume and throw off responsibility (even the most terrible) as a duck throws off water. That temperament, more or less pronounced, seems, indeed, an essential attribute for any man called to play a leading role in modern politics, and we have evidence that many leading statesmen of our day have the power to divorce their minds at will for short periods from their anxieties and responsibilities. Palmerston must have been such a man; no statesman in the past ever carried a greater burden of responsibility for political gambles. There are two or three living British statesmen who appear to have this quality in more or less degree, and it is possible that Hitler possesses it in supreme degree. But if he does not, then his life to-day must be a bad insurance risk.

THE OLD STAGER

HOW GER

THROUGH THE PINEWOODS OF THE BOHMER WALD: German troops marching across the frontier into the first zone to be taken over under the terms of the Munich agreement which provided for the gradual occupation of the ceded areas of Czechoslovakia. This region lies in the south-west and is approached from Passau. The transfer was carried out in thoroughly orderly fashion, but before the arrival of the Germans it was reported that large numbers of Czech members of the population had fled

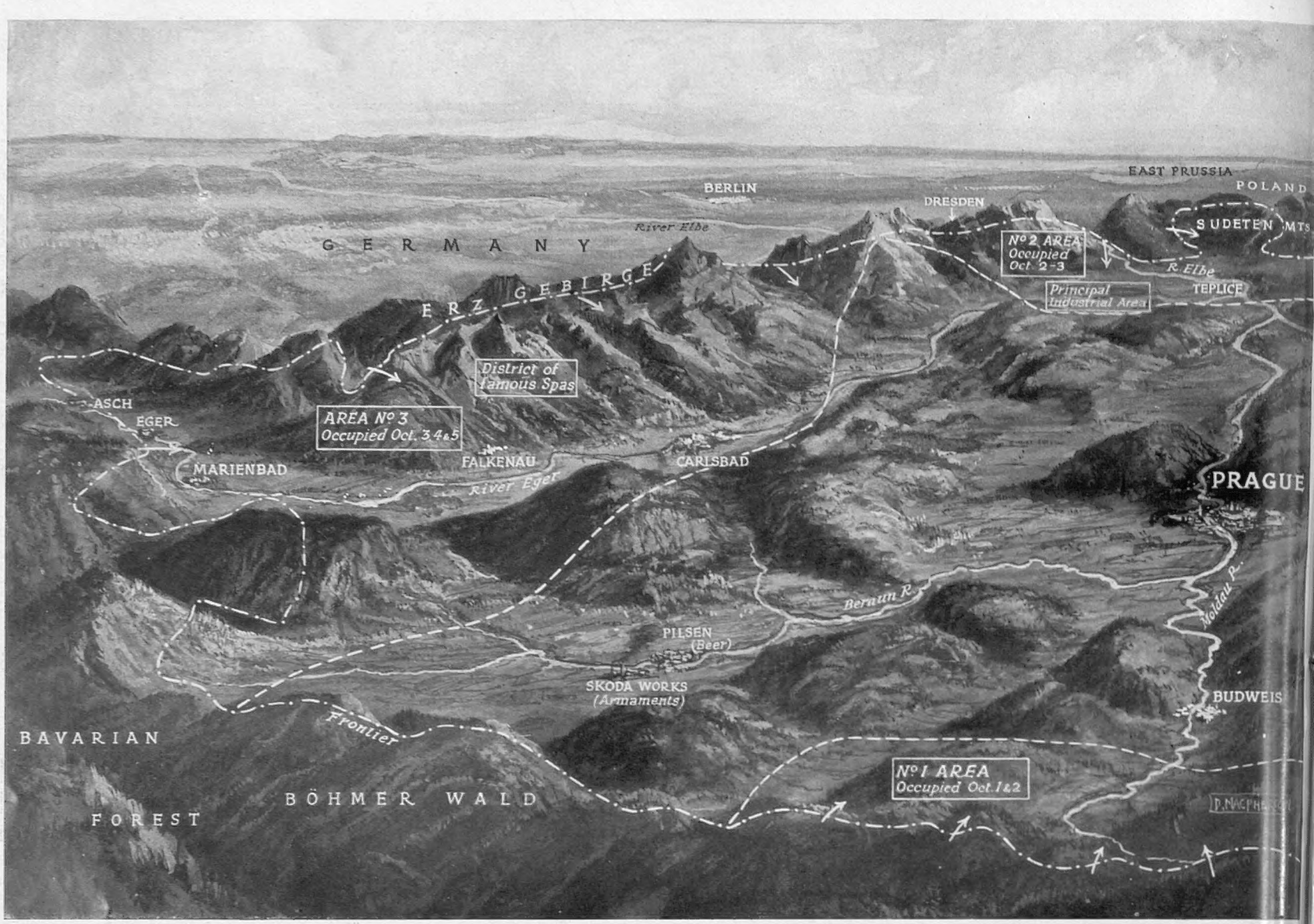
THE STEEL HELMETS PASS THROUGH FRIEDLAND: Crowds saluting the first detachments of the army of occupation as they entered this town in Zone 2, which was taken over last Sunday and Monday. *Below*—A group of young people fraternising with soldiery in Asch where occupation began on October 3

ROOTING UP A FRONTIER POST at Kaplice in preparation for the arrival of the German troops. Another scene in Zone 1 during the first day of the occupation when the natural frontier of the Bohemian Forest ceased to exist. Adorning the post was the lion emblem of the Czechoslovak state. Meanwhile the plebiscite sub-committee of the International Boundary Commission is engaged in the task of fixing 1,200 miles of new frontier

MANY OCCUPIED SUDETENLAND: *Dramatic Pictures Taken During the Entry Into the Ceded Areas*

THE OCCUPATION OF ZONE 1: The frontier barrier thrown to the ground as German troops entered Zone 1 in the Bavarian Forest region, the area ceded in the south-west of Czechoslovakia. In their wake came men of the Labour Corps, who set to work to improve the roads, and members of the National-Socialist Public Welfare Organisation, who set up relief stations. The population of Sudetenland has decreased markedly as a result of the refugees who poured out of the occupied districts

GERMAN TROOPS MINGLING WITH CIVILIANS in the market place at Friedland, the town near the Saxon frontier. *On right*—A great array of cars and motor cycles in the main square of Schluckenau, one of the first points of entry in Zone 2 where Germany has reaped her richest economic reward as a result of the occupation of Sudetenland



Drawn by D. Macleish

THE TOPOGRAPHY OF SUDETENLAND: A diagrammatic drawing showing the old frontier between Czechoslovakia and Germany which has now been swept aside under the Munich agreement, the Reich extending its boundaries beyond the natural mountain frontier of the Erzgebirge and the Bohmer Wald. The large industrial region in the north (No. 2 zone), where so much of Czechoslovakia's glass-ware was produced, has been completely swallowed up by Germany

WHAT THE SETTLEMENT MEANS

An Examination of the Munich Agreement. Was It a Fair Compromise or Did It Represent a Surrender to Force?

THE relief procured by peace has been followed by a period of stock-taking in all countries. In Britain people are asking themselves the question: What does the settlement mean? Was the agreement reached at Munich a fair compromise with equal concessions from both sides? Did it represent a climb-down by Hitler? Or was it a thinly-veiled surrender to Nazi bullying?

Comparisons of the Munich agreement with the Anglo-French plan, which was accepted by the Czech Government under extreme pressure and as the limit of concessions, are difficult for the reason that the Anglo-French plan only laid down principles, and did not contain any detailed proposals as to how the cession of the Sudeten territory was to be effected. To gain an idea of the real significance of the Munich agreement it is necessary to compare it with the Hitler "ultimatum," which was delivered to Mr. Chamberlain at Godesberg in the form of a memorandum. This document was passed on to Prague without comment, and it was stated that the British and French Governments could not recommend the Czech Government to accept it.

The essential clauses of the Hitler "ultimatum" demanded immediate occupation of the Sudeten area by German troops, and its evacuation by the Czech army without removal of existing installations. These two points were both conceded in the Munich agreement.

The main difference between the two plans is that whereas Hitler originally announced his intention to occupy the whole of the territory immediately, he agreed at Munich to restrict the immediate occupation to four smaller areas and to take a week over the process. For the complete occupation he stipulated ten days. He also agreed that the new frontier, as well as the areas to be settled by plebiscite, should be determined by an international commission, whereas had he followed his own plan the new line would have been drawn by himself. Nor was there any provision in the Godesberg memorandum, as there is in the present settlement, for the transferment of populations who desired to move out of the new German territory or *vice versa*.

The question to decide is whether these arrangements represent a "settlement by negotiation," in which the two parties discuss as equals, or whether so great an initial advantage is given to one of them that the other is no longer in a position to oppose it should subsequent differences arise.

It was generally agreed before the present settlement was reached that the transfer of territory from one state to another was a complicated matter requiring several months at least to negotiate.

As it is, the international commission in charge of the arrangements has until Monday next, October 10, to solve the most difficult question of all, namely the position of the new frontier. The same time limit is given for determining which areas contain a sufficient percentage of Germans to justify the holding of a plebiscite.

Both these points are of vital importance because in the plan sketched by Hitler the new frontier was drawn, and areas were marked as liable to plebiscites, as much with an eye on strategical factors as for purely racial considerations. It was certain that differences of opinion would arise on these vital points and for that reason it was considered essential that there should be no advance of German troops, and no withdrawal from the Czech defences, until every detail was agreed upon. On the principle that possession is nine points of the law, it was realised that a German military occupation would vitiate any chance of a "free" negotiation.

The position now is that the discussion is being held with a large German force already garrisoning part of the debatable area, and with the Czech army, having abandoned its main line of defence, withdrawing. Should

(*Continued on page* 50)

IN THE VANGUARD OF THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION: Men from the garri decorative archway as they marched into No. 1 zone on October 1 visions of the Munich agreement. This zone lies on the southern fron approached by narrow, winding roads. It is a region of hills heavily cove small, scattered villages, whose inhabitants live very meagrely by fores

BOUQUETS FOR THE "LIBERATORS": Women waiting to welcome the Ger Zone 1 on October 1. As the Germans advanced, the Czech forces ret of refugees going in front of them. These refugees for the most p the Government has been finding very considerable difficulty in accor

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COMMANDEERING IN FRANCE:

How Buses, Lorries, and Motor Cycles were Requisitioned by the Daladier Government, and Reservists Left for the Maginot Line

THE STATE TAKES OVER: A roadside scene near Chateau Thierry as motor cyclists were stopped by the authorities and their machines taken over for army dispatch riding. Commandeering began in Paris in the middle of last week, when several hundreds of the city's famous green omnibuses left for the Meuse Department, being replaced on the streets by out-of-date models. Other forms of transport, such as delivery vans, were also requisitioned, while several of the big garages in the capital were handed over to the military authorities to be used as barracks by reservists

On right—
SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES bidding farewell to steel-helmeted French reservists outside the barracks of La Tour Maubourg before the men left for the Maginot Line which by the middle of last week was heavily manned. At that time it was reckoned that over 1,000,000 Frenchmen were under arms, although the mobilisation was only partial

The PHYSIOGNOMY *of the* CZECH : Pictures that Reveal the dominant Characteristics o

A DARK HOUR IN CZECH HISTORY: Troops following a band through the streets of Prague mobilisation and large bodies of conscripts left for the frontier. The men, it will be seen bearing reflecting the age-long discipline this race has voluntarily imposed upon itself i showed their mettle in remarkable fashion, fighting with rare courage and determination o belong to the Slavic race, and, according to the usually accepted division, they form, togethe

PARTING IN PRAGUE: A conscript soldier bidding good-bye to his little son at the Dennis Station as he was about to leave for the frontier region following the order to mobilise. There was a time, after the Hussite wars, when the Czechs threatened to become Teutonised, but the pictures on these pages show little facial evidence of any process of this kind

THE DEEP-SET EYES AND PROMINENT CHEEK BONES of the girl in the foreground are typically Czech. The picture was taken during air raid trench drill outside Prague

MORE FOND FAREWELLS: A Czech so frontier region. Judging by his dress and parents. Dr. Benes, President of the Repu a Moravian of Slovak descent. Culturally th kiss ral is a is a

Cast of Countenance and Preth's Much-discussed and Virile Race

after the Czech Prime Minister had ordered general are of a fine upstanding type, their physique and their the struggle for freedom. In the war of 1914-1918 they the Russian, Serbian and Western fronts. The Czechs with the Poles and Lusatians, the group of the Western Slavs

A STURDY PEOPLE: The conscript and his wife typify the Czech build and cast of countenance. Physically they are very powerful

kisses his son good-bye on leaving Prague for the ral appearance, the child comes from well-conditioned is a Czech, while his predecessor, Dr. Masaryk, was is a strong link between Czech and Moravian

On right—SOUP AND SANDWICHES FOR THE TROOPS as they left Prague following the general mobilisation

MYSTERY *of the* "CHRISTOBEL COLON"

In 1936 She Went on the Rocks of Bermuda, None But Her Crew Knowing For Certain the Reason for Refusing Aid. To-day This Former Luxury Vessel is Slowly Breaking Up

IT'S impossible to imagine a more beautiful island than Bermuda: flowers and colours in tropical profusion are picked out here and there by white-roofed houses which glisten in the sun.

The whole island is a formation of coral protected by a reef which forms crystal lagoons in which to bathe. It is devoted to every possible sport—deep-sea fishing, aquaplaning, yachting, golf, and tennis.

No motor cars are allowed, everyone must go by carriage or cycle. Activities are thus slowed up to the ideal restful holiday pace.

Most people spend the entire day on the beach, where the sea is anything up to 84 deg. in summer and swirls in and out of the coral caves, each of which it lines with clear, white sand. It's one of the most perfect playgrounds in the world. And yet in full view of this perfect bather's paradise, not six miles from shore, lies the giant Spanish liner, *Christobel Colon*, fighting her last battle with the sea; there's happiness and tragedy side by side.

NEARING THE END: The *Christobel Colon* as she is to-day, breaking up on the Bermudan rocks where she was abandoned in 1936 because, it is supposed, her captain had no intention of reaching Mexico and collecting munitions for the Spanish Government

It was Sunday night, shortly before midnight, October 24, 1936, that the *Christobel Colon* ran aground on the northern reefs. She is a vessel of something like 12,000 tons and is the property of the Spanish Government. She was on a mysterious voyage from Cardiff, Wales, to Vera Cruz, in Mexico. Her crew was complete—170 men, but not a single passenger. Yet she had enough coal and provisions on board to make a world-wide cruise.

The captain claimed that he had got a little off his course and approached the lights of Burmuda to check his position. Now it seems that the danger beacon on the North Rock was not working and Bermuda had in consequence sent out a warning radio to all shipping every twenty minutes. But the wireless operator on the *Colon* claims that he never got this message—he said he was listening to instructions from Madrid. Be that as it may, this much is known, that despite the clear moonlight night she piled up on the reef.

Rescue ships of every description were rushed out from Bermuda, but the captain would not allow anyone on board—he had draped the rails in canvas so that nothing could be seen on the deck, and the ship's name, which originally had been fixed in raised letters on the bows, had been removed and painted instead on temporary boards hung over her sides.

Two days later he accepted naval help to try to release her from the rock—hawser after hawser broke as they were attached. Eventually the attempts were given up and the crew asked to be taken ashore.

The procedure with regard to the liberation of the ship was very puzzling to experts. At that time it would only have been necessary to remove the coal from the forward bunkers and pile it in the stern to have re-floated her. On the fourth day the captain abandoned his ship.

They went ashore at St. Georges in the ship's boats and were housed in the barracks there for nearly two months. Then the Spanish Ambassador in New York paid their passage home to Europe. All the time they were on the island they pretended they could not speak English—it was only after they left that it was discovered several of the officers spoke it fluently.

In the baggage they brought ashore every man had a case packed with gold coin. And after they had returned to Spain the Government sent a cheque to Bermuda to cover their expenses whilst ashore.

On December 24 they were taken to La Palice for Spain on the British steamer *Reina del Pacifico*—I have just returned myself on that ship and the captain told me in course of conversation with the Spanish captain he gathered there had been trouble with the crew. It seems the captain and about half the crew were in sympathy with Government Spain but the chief officer and some of the others openly favoured Franco.

From that day to this the *Christobel Colon* has not moved an inch—she still looks just as though she were sailing safely on her course. Already she has lured another ship to her doom—this vessel thought the *Colon* was about to cross her bows and turning in to avoid her, she struck the reef and sank in twenty minutes.

Since then the Bermuda Government have removed the *Christobel's* smoke stack, but she looks in perfect condition from a little distance and might easily be taken for a motor ship without her funnels. You see no one has a right to touch her—she is the property of the Spanish Government and one can only go on board by special permit.

Recently I obtained permission to inspect her. It's quite a dangerous trip, and there are only a few pilots prepared to take the risk. In and out we went around the submerged reefs; it took us nearly two hours to reach her.

I spent the time dragging a line for deep-sea fish, and incidentally caught a baracuta, about 3 ft. long.

The *Christobel Colon* stands well out of the water—you can clearly see the reef on which she rests. About a third of her hull from the stern is free, and already her plates are buckled in two even waves of steel under the strain of the unsupported stern. We managed to board her by a broken gangway, and I will never forget the scene of desolation which I saw when I reached the deck.

We were the only persons who had been on board for months, and there we were alone on this great ship. Everything was in the most indescribable confusion. The furniture had been taken ashore a year ago, but the fittings were still there. She had been a lovely ship—the main lounge is decorated in Spanish tiles, the floor beautifully inlaid. On the bridge the captain's cabin and chart-room is still filled with books. I even discovered the log of the ship's original trials.

There is little to be seen in the purser's office, where the safe stands with its door swinging open. In the radio room I found several personal photographs and letters of some interest, but the rest of the ship had been ransacked from bow to stern.

Every drawer and every cupboard in the cabin was pulled open—the mattresses which had been left on board were chewed to little bits by the rats. Of course, there is not a living thing on board to-day unless you count a few fish which have got somehow into the hatch.

I walked through cabin after cabin—many had their individual baths, all of which were mysteriously filled with water. It was pitch dark between decks and I had to walk with utmost care lest I tripped. I wonder have you ever been alone in a big building after dark—if you

A CLOSE-UP OF THE "CHRISTOBEL COLON" showing how the funnels have been removed to indicate to shipping that she is a wreck. Her strange story is in some ways reminiscent of the *Marie Celeste*

(Continued on page 76)

Concerning OYSTERS

Chemists Have Made Them Into a Medicine and the Gourmets are Raving with Indignation

DID you go to last year's Chemists' Exhibition at the Albert Hall? Probably not; the public wasn't invited. I got in only by special privilege. But the outstanding exhibit was a brand of "pure deep-sea oyster concentrate," an "essence of oyster which is already selling well in Australia and New Zealand." It contains 14 of the 16 health minerals necessary to the human body, and each bottle of 36 tablets is said to equal 1½ dozen oysters from Foveaux, near New Zealand, where this revolting stuff is made.

The gourmets are raving with indignation. The sacred oyster turned into a patent medicine! Certainly oysters are of immense dietary value. It is estimated that a pound of oysters provides 200 times as much organic iodine as an equal quantity of steak, eggs and milk. But I'm still not sorry that I can't afford them.

I wish I could join in this oyster enthusiasm. I wish oysters didn't make me shudder. It's not merely the expense. I know a pub in Soho where I can get Whitstables for 4s. 6d. a dozen if I like. Nor is it the fear of enteric fever: sewage-contaminated oysters are carefully purified in sterilised water and the Fishmongers' Company examine each oyster that comes to London, testing it bacteriologically if there's the slightest doubt. If I go to the Corner House or the Strand Palace, I know that Mr. Alfred Salmon, Lyons' oyster-taster, has sampled them as early as August 5, the official opening day of "the season," though oysters are not legally allowed to be sold until August 14.

By ALAN JENKINS

It's just that I know too much about oysters. Their biological private life, the industrial oyster racket, the shocking gluttony of oyster-lovers. Oysters from the famous Bistrina beds in the Adriatic sea were flown by aeroplane, packed in ice, to Durazzo specially for the wedding of King Zog of Albania last April. Experienced gourmets can tell you exactly where an oyster comes from by its flavour. Those from Holland, Devon, Cornwall, Brittany, Whitstable and Colchester have distinct tastes. So the experts have been telling me. I wouldn't know, for I swallow them whole with lots of brown bread and butter just for the sake of being polite to my hostess. Sometimes oysters are born in Brittany and bred at Whitstable in order to combine the nutty Brittany flavour with the salt, fishy Thames-estuary tang. Oysters and champagne? I prefer beer and cockles. However, oysters are news; and here's the story.

Most oysters are found in shallow estuaries; but some kinds are dredged from deep water down to 4,300 ft. About 100 kinds have been classified so far, but science is still rather uncertain about them. There are rock oysters, American-Canadian, Portuguese, Chinese, Japanese gigantic oysters. The kind we generally get in England is the European or flat oyster; similar to it are the British Columbian, Australian mud, and Japanese shallow-water oysters.

A queer thing common to the last four varieties is that they frequently change their sex. Some Whitstable and Colchester oysters begin life as males and then change to females when they are one or two years old. They then produce hundreds of thousands of eggs (in oyster-jargon they "get whitesick"), and only a month later change back to males while still carrying young larvæ inside the shell! Sometimes the larvæ are grey or black, and the oyster is said to be "greysick" or "blacksick." When the tiny larvæ leave the parent shell, they swim about in the sea for ten days of youthful liberty before retiring into sedentary life. Then they attach their left valves to sea-plants or some other reliable object and settle down to the serious business of growing a shell. They usually choose a shady spot. This settling is called "spatfall." "Spatting" seasons vary considerably; for instance, 1925 was a marvellous year for oysters around Falmouth, and 1913, 1914, 1921 were bumper years in the Thames estuary. It all depends on the quality of the water, the weather, precautions against overfishing, etc. Some oyster beds die out when spatfall is unsuccessful for several consecutive years—this has happened in the Firth of Forth.

Oysters have astonishingly big families. The English kind spawns about 500,000 eggs from three to four years old, and up to 1,500,000 eggs in a single season at the age of seven or eight. In a lifetime it produces about 16,000,000 young, and if that isn't doing your duty to the State, what is? The American oyster, however, doesn't waste time in changing its sex. With the help of artificial fertilisation, it goes in for transatlantic mass-production and spawns 50,000,000 to 60,000,000 eggs, and the larvæ begin to grow shells within two days! There's hustle for you.

The oyster has his defence problems too. Man is not the only enemy who likes oysters. Jellyfish, sea-squirts, flatworms, anemones, crabs and starfish like tender little oysters before they have grown their shells fully. Borers, which get right through the shell, sometimes ruin half the spatfall. Parasites are the Japanese gigantic oyster's pet aversion, and pearls are just a darned nuisance from the oyster's viewpoint; 10 per cent. of English oysters die, and 25 per cent. in Dutch beds—mortality is higher still if weather is bad. Pearl oysters occur mostly in the tropics, but they *have* been known at Whitstable—you find them about as often as you find a four-leaf clover.

(Continued on page 76)

Night Lighting at the Louvre: An Enterprising Innovation

IN A NEW AND REVEALING LIGHT: These reliefs from the Palace of Khorsabad are in the recently renovated Hall of Assyrian Sculpture in the Louvre, and have been skilfully illuminated so that every Wednesday and Saturday the hall may be opened to visitors between 9 and 11 p.m.—an innovation that is proving deservedly popular among art-loving Parisians who normally have little time for museum-going. The same idea, it may be remembered, was introduced a short while ago in London's National Gallery and there is no doubt that, as time goes on, other institutions will follow suit

THE SPOTLIT STATUE OF "DIANE À LA BICHE": Another example of the superb illuminations introduced for the benefit of night visitors to the Louvre. It is in the Salle des Cariatides and the effect is notably enhanced by the fact that when the figure is spotlit the rest of the gallery is plunged into darkness. This happens every two or three minutes. *On left*—A statue of the god Osiris placed in a deep niche in the passage linking the Egyptian and Syrian sections. It is illuminated in green, creating a rather eerie note

THRESHING TIME

A gleam of sunshine on a cloudy day lends beauty to this scene in the Essex lowlands, near Colchester, as the grain harvest is threshed. In the background is Million's Cottage. It is not known how it derived its uncommon name

THE STACKBUILDERS' ART

Pictures by Douglas Went

The orderly rows of stacks, neatly thatched and tapering to a point, are a striking sight in the countryside these days, telling that the corn harvest of another year is over and that an abundant crop is stored. This picture was taken near Harwich

The HARVEST *of* PEACE . . .

Taking Stock of Agriculture at the Turn of the Farming Year

ONCE again the turn of the farming year has come round and all over Britain the farmers are planning for the future and wondering what the coming year may hold for them. The corn is in the stack or already threshed out and bagged up in the granaries; the golden stubbles are daily becoming less under the ploughs, with their attendant seagulls and rooks; the hop-gardens of Kent and the Vale are a wilderness of wire and dying bines; farms are under the auctioneer's hammer, old or disappointed men going out, young men full of hope coming in; Irish store cattle are in the markets of the west. And over all the realm of agriculture a new spirit is stirring, a spirit reminiscent of the days of William Cobbett and the Hampden Clubs.

To the average farmer there has been little of comfort in the past year, for both the weather and prices were against him. After a March of sunny days and spring-like nights—"We'll pay for 'em later," said the old men of the soil—came the frosts and bitter winds of April, ravaging the orchards, scorching young growth, and heralding a drought such as had not been known for a century. Then to add to the farmer's troubles a succession of summer gales and thunderstorms. At Bishop's Waltham in Hampshire a freak storm tore the roofs off centuries-old buildings, cut the tops off young root crops as clean as a knife, and stripped every feather from hundreds of chickens, leaving them drowned and naked. Yet in spite of these adversities some magnificent crops of corn have been grown on the heavier soils, the hops were remarkably free from pests, the sugar beet, though small, looks like having a high sugar content, and stock all over the country looks remarkably well.

The Song of the Farmers' Arms

(Taken from an old cider mug)

"Let the Wealthy and Great
Roll in Splendour and State,
I envy them not I declare it;
I eat my own Lamb,
My Chickens and Ham,
I Shear my own Fleece and I wear it.
I have Lawns, I have Bow'rs,
I have Fruit, I have Flow'rs
The Lark is my morning Alarmer,
So jolly Boys now,
Here's God speed the Plough,
Long Life and Success to the Farmer."

Prices cannot but be depressing for the farmer. Although the acreage of wheat grown rose in 1938 the price of British wheat to-day, i.e., to the farmer, is 5s. 1d. per cwt. as against 8s. 6d. this time last year, while barley is 10s. 2d. as compared with 12s. 2d., and oats 6s. 9d. per cwt. as against 8s. 5d. True, there was a deficiency payment to the farmers of 1s. 7d. per cwt. under the Wheat Act, representing the disbursement of £1,993,000 to the registered growers, but farmers who keep careful accounts say that even with this assistance the 1938 wheat crop will in most cases show a loss. There is a growing feeling that the scale of payments under the Wheat Act needs revision, and that the millers, with very low labour costs, are getting too much and the farmers too little. As one Wiltshire farmer put it to me, "White flour is really only a by-product now, for the miller buys his wheat at a very low price and extracts from it the valuable wheat germ, white flour, and as well weatings and bran, which he sells back to us at high prices." It is true that feeding stuffs have recently fallen in price, though they were high all through 1937 and the first half of 1938. Nevertheless, the market returns show that while the British farmer is getting 5s. 1d. a cwt. for his wheat he is paying 6s. 5d. for bran, 6s. 9d. for weatings, and flour is 9s. 7d. per cwt.

The price of sheep fell suddenly and devastatingly in August—the fall being as much as 10s. per sheep in some markets—but has improved appreciably in the past few weeks, and farmers of long experience expect the market to recover still more. After long periods of low prices eggs have recovered to about 2s. per dozen—the price at which large-scale production becomes remunerative—while vegetable and fruit growers who were able to compete with drought and frost have done not too badly. Potato growers should do well with the prices at 55s. to 75s. per ton, according to variety. For all their complaints against the pool prices and the Milk Marketing Board, dairy farmers are doing better than many of them care to admit, and they have got a definite guaranteed market for their milk, which is more than they had in the days before the Board. Shortage of keep and hay will, however, increase costs for many of them this winter.

Taking farming as a whole, the year now closing has been one of continued depression and of further decline in the industry. In the year ended June last, the agricultural area of England and Wales declined by 87,000 acres, and even more serious, 42,200 workers left the land. Since 1931 more than 640,000 acres have gone out of cultivation, 127,000 workers have left the land for the towns, and some £9,000,000 of capital has been taken out of agriculture by death duties. On the credit side of the account the Wheat Act has saved corn growing from virtual extinction, the hop control has brought order out of what promised to be the chaos of over-production, the sugar beet subsidy has been of material assistance to many Suffolk and Norfolk farmers, and the Milk Marketing Board has brought about stability in the dairy section of the industry.

For close on two decades the clouds of depression have lain heavy and low over British agriculture, but looking forward into the new farming year it is possible to see a ray of light, a glimmering of hope of better times. At long last, impelled perhaps by wars and threats of wars, the urban population is beginning to see that the countryside is something more important than a pleasant place for motor drives and walks at week-ends, that the farms, the farmers, and their workers are vital units in the provision of food supplies and so of national security. The industrial population also has a growing realisation that the prosperity of factory and field are bound up with one another, that the rural community of 3,000,000 souls is a valuable market for manufactured goods.

Those who love the land for something more than its unchanging beauty dream sometimes of the return of real and lasting prosperity to agriculture. In those dreams they see the birth and quick growth of a great "Back to the Land" movement, of our rich and powerful financial corporations putting into farming the capital that death duties have taken out, of the development of the scientific, intensive, large-scale production of food for the people of this country.

Last year we bought from overseas £87,000,000 worth of meat and poultry, £72,987,000 of dairy produce, £49,000,000 worth of wheat, £11,364,000 worth of animal feeding stuffs. Our imports of these and other products that could be produced at home totalled to the devastating figure of £258,846,000. With our limited acreage we can never hope to grow all that food at home and it would not be in the best interests of our exporting industries if we did, but surely the fields of Britain can produce five, nay ten times, as much food as they do to-day, and help to redress our adverse trade balance of £250,000,000?

It is perhaps because agriculture hides its troubles behind a smiling face, because farmers are reluctant to take up pen or appear on the public platform, and because the majority of the farm-workers do not speak with the voice of organised trade unionism, that the public has been slow to realise that the nation's basic industry has been becoming each year more and more depressed. Realisation is now dawning, and there is a steadily growing demand that something should be done to restore prosperity to agriculture.

J. Baker White

The HARVEST *of* WAR . . .

Gathering in the Navy's Reservists as Conflict Threatened

"BY THE KING—A PROCLAMATION": The Serjeant-at-Arms and Common Cryer, Commander J. R. Poland, R.N., reading from the steps of the Royal Exchange the orders, signed by His Majesty in Privy Council at Buckingham Palace, calling out the Reserves of officers and men of the Royal Navy in order to meet the threatened emergency. It was on the afternoon of the same day that Mr. Chamberlain announced the Munich meeting, but the work of mobilisation continued

MEN OF THE ROYAL FLEET RESERVE arriving at a depot with their kit bags on receiving orders to join up following the King's proclamation. The Royal Fleet Reserve consists of ratings who have finished their term of service in H.M. ships but continue for a period of years in this auxiliary force. The Royal Naval Reserve mainly consists of merchant sailors who undergo naval training at intervals, while the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve compares with the Territorials

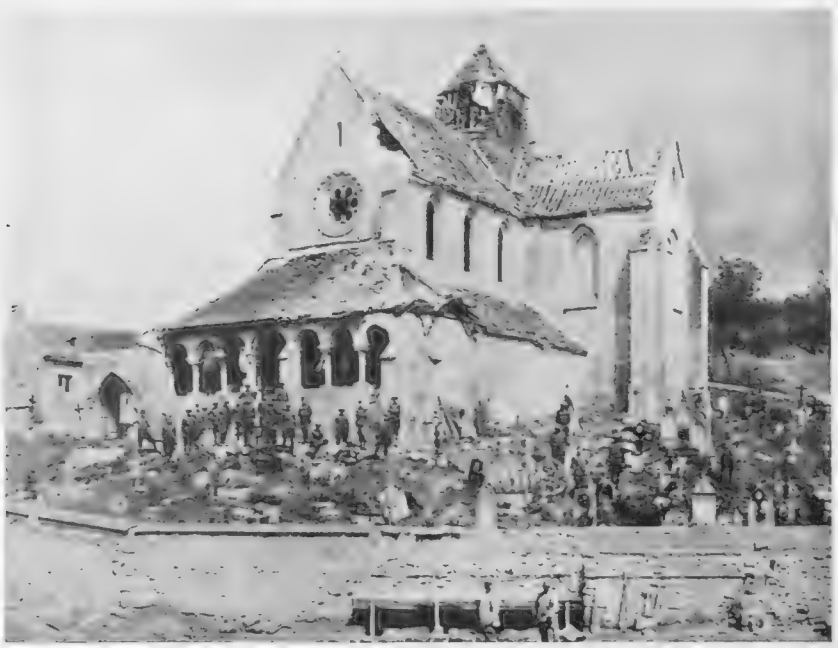
ROYAL MARINE RESERVISTS—who were also called up last week—outside their depot

d

1918 and 1938

War-Torn Buildings of the Western Front:

TWENTY YEARS AFTER: This is how the church at Mareuil-en-Dole looks to-day in its restored state, and, with such detailed attention has the work been done, it is difficult to believe that the place was ever ravaged by war as shown in the picture reproduced below. Mareuil is in the Aisne Department, and thus in 1914 lay directly in the German path



AS IT WAS: The church at Mareuil-en-Dole after it had suffered in a German bombardment in 1914–18, the roof and tower being wrecked. A picture that compares interestingly with that reproduced above, where it is shown in its restored state. The work has been carried out with faithful exactitude in almost every particular

RESTORATION IN THE FRENCH ARDENNES: This was how the village of Grandpre looked at the close of the last war, during which the vast majority of its houses were hit by German shells. The picture (*top centre*) shows the same site in Grandpre in 1938. Some of the new buildings are of very different design, it will be noted

PANNES IN 1918: When the war came to an end it will be seen that the church in this town had lost its spire and the greater part of its roof, but most of the cottages grouped round it remained more or less intact. *On left*—PANNES IN 1938, with the church tower skilfully and exactly restored to its original appearance and some of the cottages presenting almost the same aspect as they did twenty years before

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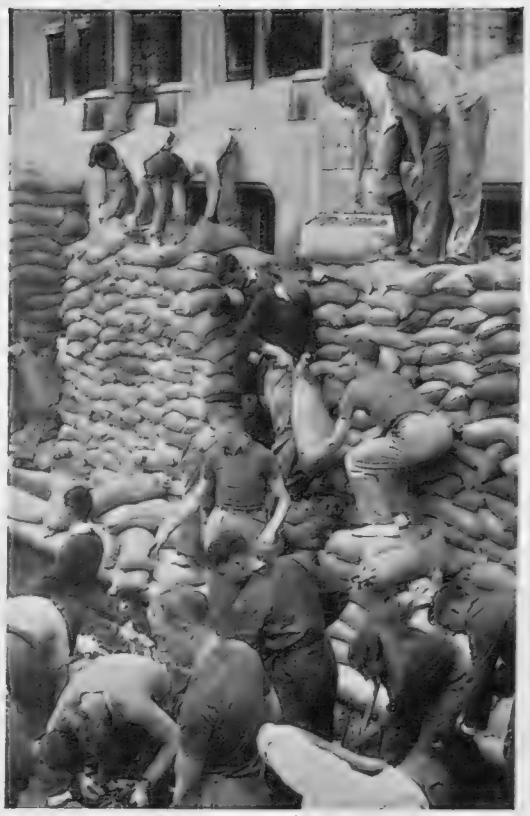
A.R.P. GOES ON

Despite the Munich Agreement Britain Pushes Ahead With Her Air Raid Precautions

THE PROBLEM OF THE MODERN FLAT OWNER: Windows such as these are welcome enough in times of peace, but from the point of view of air-raid precautions they present peculiar difficulties, offering as they do a large area of vulnerability

ALL VERY WELL IN PEACE-TIME: This vulnerable sunshine staircase is at the County School, Sidcup

READ, MARK, LEARN, AND INWARDLY DIGEST! A postman setting out on his rounds to deliver to Londoners copies of the Home Office handbook, *The Protection of Your Home against Air Raids*



THE IDEAL PROTECTION FOR WINDOW OPENINGS: *Left*—A sandbag barricade erected outside the Rosebery Avenue Fire Station, London, E.C., and (*right*) cadets of the Royal Naval College, Devonport, setting up a similar barrier. These pictures were taken before the Munich agreement, but even after the talks there was no immediate relaxation of A.R.P. activity, and it was widely felt the crisis had afforded an opportunity for a much needed rehearsal

HARD AT WORK IN CHEAPSIDE: Filling sandbags for the protection of the windows of a city building. Sacks, in common with sand, rose in price owing to the shortage, while there was also a very keen demand for black curtain materials

WELL NAMED: Mr. Danger (right), chief of the Kensington Air Raid Precautions Committee, discussing with colleagues the elaborate plans for digging bomb-proof trenches in Kensington Gardens

THE FIRST TO GO: These children of the Mary Ward Cripples Home, Tavistock Place, were evacuated from London last week (before the Munich agreement) so that the ambulances should, whatever happened, be free for other work. At the same time air raid wardens had in hand well-laid plans for removing the infirm, while the excellent arrangements made by the London County Council for school-children were widely praised by the public

BRITAIN'S SEA POWER GROWS DAY BY DAY

New Additions to the Fleet—Launch of the "Seal"—A Southampton Class Cruiser Serves Her Maiden Commission

THE SUBMARINE

The submarine *Seal*, one of the six craft of the Porpoise class of minelayers, entering the water at Chatham after being launched last week by Miss Danby, sister of Vice-Admiral C. F. S. Danby, Admiral Superintendent of Chatham Dockyard. Britain now has over fifty submarines as compared with Germany's thirty-six; a reassuring fact when it is remembered that Germany's main naval effort in 1917–18 was with vessels of this type

THE CRUISER

This is the 9,000-ton Southampton class cruiser, H.M.S. *Manchester*, which was recently completed and started to serve her maiden commission in the middle of last month. There are no more formidable cruisers in the world than the Southamptons, which have been built largely as a reply to Japan's Mogami class. Britain has fifteen 8-inch gun cruisers and forty-five smaller cruisers. No other nation has a comparable force

THE "LANGHAM'S" NEW HOME

London's Oldest Art Club Moves to Quarters in Fitzroy Street

A SAD FAREWELL: This rapid sketch in oils was made by Max R. Hoffler at the last meeting of the famous Langham Sketching Club in its premises in Langham Chambers. The club has now moved to new quarters in Fitzroy Street, W.1

THIS week The Langham Sketching Club, which is now in its centenary year, starts the 1938-39 season in its new premises (at 10, Fitzroy Street, W.1), which have been acquired on account of the fact that its old meeting place, No. 1, Langham Chambers, where members gathered regularly every Friday for eighty-four years, has been scheduled under a re-building scheme.

The club, with its slightly older parent, The Artists' Society, has been one of the few unchanging features of artistic life in London, and it has a history worthy of its years.

"THE REVELLERS" BY CHARLES KEENE: A prized possession of the Langham Sketching Club. It was Keene who helped to raise *Punch* to its unique position of eminence

In 1830—a period of artistic doldrums—eight artists founded the society for the study from the living model of "Historic, Poetic, and Rustic figures." It was to be in no sense a school, for there was—and is—no tuition, and a candidate for admission must show definite evidence of ability. The idea was that artists should meet and profit by mutual help and example. Eight years later the Sketching Club was formed, meeting on Friday nights in the winter season to make sketches from given subjects, and 1841 saw the daring innovation of study from the nude. Exhibitions of work were given during the season which was enlivened by the celebrated conversazioni at which many distinguished performers appeared.

The Langham takes especial pride in having been the nursery of many famous artists, of whom probably the most renowned was Charles Keene of *Punch* fame. Others were Tenniel, Cruikshank, and Phil May. W. S. Gilbert acquired the skill to illustrate the *Bab Ballads* in the rooms of the society, while two future Royal Academy Presidents were members in their younger days, Sir E. J. Poynter and Sir Frank Dicksee. The 60's and 70's of the last century were a great period at the Langham, and all the leading draughtsmen of *The Graphic*, the journal now incorporated with THE SPHERE, were members.

To-day the work is being resumed in the new premises within the elegance of an Adam interior, and there the great tradition of London's oldest art club will be carried on—let us hope for many a year.

THE "LANGHAM'S" NEW HOME: A diagrammatic sketch by D. Macpherson showing artists engaged in sketching from life in the club's premises at 10, Fitzroy Street, where the members have just started the 1938-39 season, carrying the old tradition with them. This is the club's centenary year, the change-over thus taking place at a memorable moment

Drawn by Veronica Haigh

IN ROSYTH DOCKYARD: H.M.S. *Caledonia* (formerly the *Majestic* and before that the *Bismarck*), the Admiralty's new training ship. On the left can be seen the stern of the *Leviathan* (formerly the *Vaterland*) which is now in course of being broken up for scrap

THE "MAJESTIC" BECOMES A TRAINING SHIP

Once the World's Third Biggest Liner, She has been Converted into H.M.S. "Caledonia": Making Sailors for Britain's New Navy

IN 1913 the three biggest ships in the world, *Imperator*, *Vaterland*, and *Bismarck*, were building in German yards for the Hamburg–America line. After the Armistice these three changed their flag and returned to service on the North Atlantic as the Cunarder *Berengaria*, the U.S. Shipping Company's *Leviathan*, and the White Star *Majestic*. To-day only *Berengaria* is still on the North Atlantic run. *Leviathan*, after changing her flag again to the red ensign for her last voyage, lies a funnel-less hulk in the Admiralty dockyard at Rosyth, steadily diminishing under the shipbreakers' cranes. Within a cable's length of her lies the old *Majestic* proudly flying the white ensign as H.M.S. *Caledonia*.

The establishment of H.M.S. *Caledonia* as a training ship in 1937 was the Admiralty's answer to the greatly-increased demand for personnel to man the new battleships under construction for the Government's rearmament programme. As a training ship *Caledonia* is unique, and something of an experiment, because never before have seamen-boys and artificer-apprentices received their training in the same establishment; but on the other hand she is a return to tradition, for until 1905 the old wooden three-decker *Caledonia* was stationed in the Firth of Forth as a training ship for seamen-boys, and from her the new *Caledonia* takes her name.

Caledonia is second biggest of the four training schools in which boys receive their first year's training as long service seamen, signalmen and telegraphists of the Royal Navy, and she combines the organisation of a battleship with the house system of a public school. The Forecastle, Foretop, Maintop and Quarterdeck divisions of seamen-boys are the exact counterparts of the "parts of ship" of a man-of-war; and with the Hawke, Drake, Anson, Rodney, Grenville and Benbow divisions of artificer-apprentices, they fill the same roll as school houses.

The conversion of the *Majestic*, third biggest liner in the world, into a naval training ship was undertaken at Southampton by Thornycrofts, and it is interesting to see which of her original features have been retained and how her reconstruction for service purposes has been achieved. Her superb decks provide ample space for parade, "divisions," and for games in wet weather. The mainmast has been rigged for climbing instruction and the foremast for signalling practice, gunnery equipment has been installed with electrical fire-control system and spotting top, and over fifty cabins converted into classrooms.

A complete innovation has been the installing of a hospital on B and C decks. This includes accommodation for 250, two isolation wards with beds enclosed in glass cubicles, an operating theatre, dental surgeries, ophthalmic and X-ray departments, a special ward for the officers and a small separate hospital for the ship's company. The old social hall has been transformed into a gymnasium, which can if necessary include the deck space on either side.

The first-class dining saloon with its painted ceiling untouched is now a mess-room for seamen-boys. Here it was possible for the officers of H.M.S. *Caledonia* to witness in an unusually graphic way the very starting point of a great enterprise, when into the huge pillared hall, arranged to hold 1,200, there marched for the first time a small company of twenty-nine boys who, rather over-awed but undismayed, split into two parties and took up their proper positions at separate tables—twenty-two prospective seamen and seven prospective signalmen—the first batch of recruits to *Caledonia*. The training of these boys who enter the Royal Navy between the ages of fifteen and sixteen and a half, has been built up on many years of experience and its object is to develop in these young men, who will be the future seamen of the Fleet, the habit of implicit obedience to orders together with forethought and initiative.

It is also necessary for an efficient seaman to be able to do everything for his own domestic comfort himself, and therefore the boys are taught sewing, elementary cooking and to wash all their own clothes. Part of their daily duties is to keep their own quarters clean, and as a high standard in this is being insisted on they soon learn how to use their labour and materials economically.

In their particular duties as seamen they are taught boat-pulling and sailing, bends, hitches, rope splicing and the uses of all the various appliances they may expect to meet in a modern man-of-war.

While all this attention is being paid to their training as seamen, their physical culture is particularly cared for, with regular periods of physical training, swimming, cricket and games of every kind. And during the winter months extra entertainment is provided by weekly concerts and lectures.

V. H.

At the Restaurant you will observe that Wills's Gold Flake
is the Man's cigarette that Women like

Contemporary or Edwardian

The Night is Lit

by Sparkling Sequins, by Gleaming Gold and Silver Fabrics, and by Edwardian Elegance

HERE is a silhouette which modern women demand because it fits in so well with their scheme of life. It may lack the glamour of sweeping lines, but it expresses their clean-cut outlook and the swiftness with which they move through their days, filled with such varied interests.

It is seen to perfection in the dinner dress on left, where it is expressed in heavy black crepe, the V neck draped to the built-up waistline, and the sleeves closely embroidered in vivid purple, scarlet, emerald, gold, and royal blue sequins. It costs 7½ guineas, and comes from Harrods, of Knightsbridge.

Highlights in Molten Metal Fabrics

For a really grand party, one of the two exquisite frocks pictured above. The standing girl wears gold lamé, soft as chiffon, and closely draped around her body, the train sweeping out in long, graceful lines, and the corsage ornamented with a large jewelled clasp.

The second girl wears a magnificent picture dress of metal moire in white and silver which holds an ever-changing light in its rippling folds. A band of emerald green velvet slashes its way across the wide skirt, and a corselet of the same bright hue accents the waist and hips. In her piled-up hair she wears a head-dress of twisted sequins and tulle.

Both dresses come from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W.

Lastly, on the left, a completely enchanting dinner dress of black satin, the sleeves built up above the shoulders, and bodice daringly heart-shaped in front and backless, the train spread widely at the back from the smallest waist in the world. Turn yourself into a re-incarnation of the Gibson Girl. Walk proudly into a room in such a frock as this and enjoy the homage which will be your immediate reward.

It comes from Harrods, and if you would prefer it in one of the new jewel shades you can get it in them instead of in black.

"ARE YOU IN A LIMBO, AUNTIE?": Cynthia (Valerie Taylor) has confidences with "Scrap" (Muriel Pavlov), daughter of her dead twin sister. An episode from *Dear Octopus*, which was received with enthusiasm when presented at the Queen's Theatre last week

The THEATRE *in the* LAST

What would have been the state of the theatres had war broken out? Conditions in 1938 being so vastly different from what they were in 1914, one can only speculate. In the last spot of trouble a serious and long-lasting slump followed the outbreak of hostilities. Then there came a sudden change for the better and a boom in the lighter forms of entertainment, which, in many cases, was out of all proportion to their merit. Plays ran for years (soldiers on leave from the front not being critical provided they could laugh a bit and see some shapely femininity) which nowadays would not run for as many months or even weeks. What would be the verdict now on *Chu Chin Chow* and *A Little Bit of Fluff*?

What is certain is that our actors and actresses of to-day would carry on with their job as pluckily as they, or their predecessors, did in 1914–18. To amuse an audience during an air-raid cannot have been easy; but time and time again this was done. Sometimes those grim and perilous occasions had their funny side. A certain American comedienne one night, when Zeppelins were hovering directly over the theatre in which she was appearing, went in a rage to the manager and said, "Why the hell don't you phone the police and have the ——— arrested?"

In another war-time revue a famous baritone was making his first appearance on any stage. Dressed as Sir Francis Drake, or something of the sort, he sang on the first night a patriotic song and did his damnedest to make a hit. He had sung a few bars only when he noticed that the audience were swiftly and silently leaving their seats, and he finished in dead silence to an almost empty theatre. He was found later sobbing with disappointment in his dressing room and moaning "They wouldn't even listen to me!"

He did not know that an air-raid warning had been given and that the audience were taking shelter in the cellars.

"Official Secret."—Two productions disdained postponement and on the night when things looked blackest, when rumour was piled on rumour's head, and when every other person one met had his or her version of things officially secret, I went to the New Theatre to see Mr. Jeffrey Dell's *Official Secret*.

"Ding, dong, dell, Pussy's in the well, who put her in?" Mr. Dell, like the nursery rhyme, presents us with a problem. Who put pussy in the well? Who tried to put the blueprints, with their designs of the latest and deadliest aeroplane secrets—there was horrid appropriateness in this—into the hands of a foreign agent? Whose help enabled that agent at any rate to come somewhere near stealing them?

It was up to Mr. Cecil Parker to catch the spy and to play the sympathetic part of a blunt soldier, hampered by officialdom, and very well he did so. The secret experimental station where Mr. Parker did his ferreting was not, as in the case of Mr. Charles Morgan's secret-aeroplane play, a lonely island but a lonely farmhouse, in which lived a Mr. and Mrs. Houghton, the latter played by Miss Carol Goodner, heavily cross-examined by the blunt soldier. Now Miss Goodner is an ideal actress for any spy-cum-mystery play, for the simple yet mysterious reason that Miss Goodner, without using more than the normal arts of theatrical make-up, manages to look a wholly different person in every play in which she appears, the only thing constant about her being the excellence of her performance.

I have seen and admired Miss Goodner in about a dozen plays, and not even yet have I the vaguest notion what sort of face she really has; I would not know her if I saw her in the street, nor would I recognise her photograph. Indeed, a greater problem to me than any problem play is the problem of what Miss Goodner is really like. However, to get on with the play in which this chameleon of an actress (a compliment is intended) is so remarkably good. We have a blackmailing butler, in the person of Mr. Henry Hewitt, on whom suspicion falls; a heavy-handed

CHILDREN ALL: In this episode from Dodie Smith's new play, *Dear Octopus*, the youngsters of the Randolph family are seen discussing the question of bad language while playing with their paints. A few minutes later the grown-ups enter the room and cause much annoyance by sitting down to paint, leaving the ousted children to sulk in corners

On right—"STET FORTUNA DOMUS!" The golden wedding gathering of the Randolphs at which they drink a toast to the family, three generations of which are grouped round the table. At the head of the board is Marie Tempest as Dora Randolph, and reading clockwise are: John Gielgud, Una Venning, John Justin, Jean Ormonde, Angela Baddeley, Nan Munro, Kate Cutler, Leon Quartermaine, Madge Compton, Pat Silvester, Sylvia Hammond, Muriel Pavlov, Valerie Taylor, and Felix Irwin

THERE is told a story, possibly apocryphal, of M. Sacha Guitry in the last great war to end peace. Things were going badly. Paris was being bombarded by "Big Bertha." The French Government had been transferred to Bordeaux. There was also a daily exodus of the civilian population of the French capital to safer spots in the south. The Gare de Lyon was crowded with people explaining that they had to go to the bedside of a dying aunt in Nice; that they had been summoned to a business conference at Marseilles; that their villa at Cannes had been damaged by a thunderstorm and they had to see a builder about repairs. And so forth. A friend asked M. Guitry on the platform why he was leaving. "For a most original and remarkable reason," he replied, "because I am frightened."

STAGE DOOR CAMEO: Sophie Stewart, who plays the part of Rose in the Old Vic revival of *Trelawney of the Wells*, talking with Irene Vanbrugh who visited her last week and complimented her on her performance. Miss Vanbrugh was greatly interested in the production as she was the original Rose, creating the role forty years ago

Last week, being one of crisis in every sense of the word, the London theatre, as they used to say of prisoners in the dock, seemed to feel its position acutely. Important first nights had been announced, but several were postponed. "Scenic difficulties," "insufficient rehearsal," "a clash of dates" were among the reasons put forward, and I am not in a position to hint that they were not good and sufficient reasons. But at least two managements followed the truthful example of M. Guitry and said "We're frightened." Not, of course, in so many words, for that is not the way of Britons, who believe in the stiff upper lip and business as usual. Yet upper lips became unstiffened so far as to permit the commendably honest announcement that "in view of the uncertainty of the international situation, etc." a week's postponement was advisable.

As I write, the skies have cleared, Mr. Chamberlain having flown through them for the third time of asking on his dove-like mission. If political caricature were allowed in revue, Neville Chamberlain would be a stage as well as a world figure, and any theatre that did not portray him in kindly fashion would be most justly wrecked. The law, or, rather, the discretion of the Censor, seems to vary on this point; for I remember his father, Joe Chamberlain, being burlesqued, orchid and monocle complete, on the stage of the Gaiety by, I think, the late Arthur Hatherton, a fine comedian. What is more, he wore a ballet skirt. Whether the Lord Chamberlain will permit Neville ditto to be represented behind the footlights remains to be seen.

WAR: *Some Stage Reminiscences Evoked by the Recent Crisis: What Sacha Guitry Said*

official person, played with intentional stiffness by Mr. A. R. Whatmore; and other necessary and interesting characters represented by Mr. Robert Douglas and Mr. Cyril Raymond.

And what happened to the blueprints, and who was really the culprit? This being one of those plays which rely for their fun partly on keeping the audience guessing, I will go no further. Besides, I am not quite sure myself. But I am sure that here is an exciting and well-written piece, absolutely first-rate of its kind.

"These Foolish Things."—This crazily amusing revue opened at the Palladium on a night when better news was in, and coming over, the air, and the whole thing went as merrily as a good pantomime on Boxing Night. Except that there is no pretence at having a story, and be-tighted houris are absent, it is, in effect, a pantomime, with, in one sense, six dames functioning instead of one. This scene was a roof-top on which the "Crazy Gang," dressed as charwomen, set about indulging in sun-bathing. The fun, as the saying goes, here waxed fast and furious, though a little too fast and furious for me.

By PHILIP PAGE

I have the most profound admiration for Nervo and Knox, for Flanagan (except when he sings sentimental ditties through a microphone) and Allen, and, above all, for Naughton and Gold. But when all six are functioning simultaneously there is an embarrassment of comic riches; furthermore, loud and simultaneous talking, not more than a portion of which I was able to catch, savours too much of the mass-attack type of humour, which leaves me breathless, but not from laughter. For the most part, however, the "gang" amused me vastly, and in those mass-attack episodes I seemed to be in a minority of one, for the audience yelled their delight.

To play a sketch forwards and then backwards is an ingeniously funny idea, though in this case it missed fire, possibly because it was not a very good sketch played in either direction. But delicious knock-about fun was the scene in which a lady violinist broke her violin over the head of the conductor and then wrestled with him. Badminton, too, as played in most skilled professional style by those experts, Mr. Ken Davidson and Mr. Hugh Forgie, provoked much hilarity, in spite of the interruptions of a non-stop commentator of inexhaustible energy. More solemn, but not less energetic, were the adagio dancers, the Stuart Morgan troupe, three young men who throw a blonde about in anything but adagio fashion. Wedding scenes brought back the jolly music-hall melodies of the past, and about the whole revue there was a vim and efficiency which can only mean prolonged success.

Films of Other Days.—Mr. C. B. Cochran's *Flashbacks*—a sort of film scrap-book—is the best entertainment the Palace Theatre has offered for a considerable time. We see the slap-stick comedies of thirty years ago and more, the tender domestic dramas, and the "Westerns" of that remote date. All is most enjoyable, whether one laughs at it or with it. My outstanding impression is that, except from the vastly important technical point of view, the cinema stands to-day very much where it stood in the early nineteen hundreds. With some exceptions (mostly French), the films of 1938 are as crude emotionally and intellectually as their predecessors, even if the cost has increased a hundred or a thousand-fold. One can titter at the Palace at the ingenuous "captions" which accompany those old silent films; yet a glance at the present film advertisements—"A thrilling heart-throb of passion and hate," "She gave up ten million dollars for the man she loved" and all that type of twaddle reveals that film mentality has changed little, if at all. However, the genius of Charlie Chaplin and the charm of Mary Pickford are apparent from the first.

The news-reels are tantalising in that they reveal so little of Queen Victoria and other royalties and celebrities of the time. But, as Mr. Cochran informed me, some parts of these ancient films are missing. Also, photographers were not granted the intimate facilities they enjoy to-day.

THE TRANSFORMATION: The film version of Shaw's *Pygmalion* was given its premiere at the Leicester Square Theatre this week. The part of Eliza, the flower-seller whom her mentor attempts to make into a lady, is played by Wendy Hiller, who is seen *above* as she is being ushered to her bath—the first step on the long road to gentility. *Below*—Eliza makes her bow in London society

SHOWS TO SEE

BEDROOM FARCE: Hugh Wakefield in "Room For Two."—Comedy.

LONDON'S LONGEST RUN: "French Without Tears."—Criterion.

WELSH BACKGROUND: Emlyn Williams in "The Corn is Green."—Duchess.

MUSIC AND MADNESS: Leslie Henson in "Running Riot."—Gaiety.

ROMANCE AND MATHEMATICS: Charles Morgan's "The Flashing Stream."—Lyric.

TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE: "George and Margaret."—Piccadilly.

MATRIARCHAL: Marie Tempest and John Gielgud in "Dear Octopus" by Dodie Smith.—Queen's.

SHAKESPEARE IN MODERN DRESS: "Troilus and Cressida."—Westminster.

MORE WELSH BACKGROUND: "She Too Was Young."—Wyndham's.

MEET MOSES: He is the first wolf with a mane ever to be seen at London Zoo, and when he is angry it bristles menacingly. Moses comes from Paraguay and has expensive tastes, living largely on chicken and pigeons

WHIPSNADE BIRTHDAY: The open-air zoo's Cape Buffalo calf with its mother a few hours after birth. It was decided last week that in the event of war Whipsnade should accommodate some of the animals from London Zoo

MENG IN A MUDDLE: The London Zoo's baby gorilla—a present from the Belgian Government—is settling down well in his new quarters, but has yet to master the art of using a spoon. Meng is highly skilled with the bottle, however, as witness the picture *below*. The zoo authorities last week decided on measures for the safety of all the animals should war break out

ZOO NEWS

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

"GONE WITH THE WIND" SETS A FASHION

W. R. Burnett Writes a Novel of the Pre-Civil War Period, and Laura Krey Describes Its Aftermath in Texas

By VERNON FANE

ON a rainy afternoon in Washington some years ago I heard Mr. Sinclair Lewis address the Daughters of the American Revolution on his first public appearance after receiving the Nobel prize. Mr. Lewis made it clear that he was mighty proud to be the first American to be so honoured. He also pointed out that his audience was more used to listening to lectures on literature from itinerant British authors. It was time, he said, they took stock of their own writers. One by one he named them and examined their achievements, and his peroration was a declaration, there in the capital city of the United States, of the independence of American literature.

In the years that have passed several new names can be added to that list, a young, vigorous, and virile lot who have made a literature of their own, owing nothing to the classic progression of purely English literature.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of this breakaway has been the rise of the American historical novelist; even more astonishing has been their phenomenal success in this country. Until these books came along I submit that a large percentage of the population of these islands knew little and cared less about the successive internal strifes which make the history of North America. That they have since devoured large chunks of it, and by the hundreds of thousands of copies, is a tribute to a school of novelists of compelling merit.

It is therefore interesting to note, in the latest recruit to their ranks, an old hand in Mr. W. R. Burnett. The author of *Little Cæsar* and *The Iron Man* will be recognised as the novelist historian of America's prohibition and gangster phase. With Hemingway he became one of the founders of the tough-guy school of fiction. Since then he has written a diversity of novels on American life, always true to his standards, always good.

Now, with **THE DARK COMMAND** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), he leaves the contemporary scene for one of the strangest and most violent episodes in American history. The name of Wild Bill Hickok may mean very little to the average English reader, but the American will recognise in him the almost legendary figure around whom there was terrible fighting and bloodshed on the Kansas–Missouri border long before the actual outbreak of the civil war.

Free-soilers and abolitionists, pro-slavers and red legs, border raids, fire, pillage and murder, such was the guerrilla warfare ostensibly between the followers of north and south. Actually the struggle was between roving bands of outlaws and murdering highwaymen and the sober, industrious farmers and merchants who had come to Kansas to build a civilisation.

Mr. Burnett focuses his story upon the personalities of a wild and reckless bandit, obviously modelled upon an historic character, and a quiet and sensible youth who at one time had been his friend but who lived to bring him down. With the skill of a practised novelist he interweaves a love story, and with great artistry he brings about a dramatic climax.

The Dark Command has everything that a first-rate novel of stirring times should have, pace, action, colour, and characters that live in the memory as living beings. May it have as big a success as *Gone with the Wind*, for Mr. Burnett certainly deserves it.

Charlotte Brontë said of Jane Austen that she was both knowing and ladylike, an uncompromising choice of epithets which showed clearly enough the way in which the wind blew, from Haworth Parsonage to Steventon Rectory.

Others of us are more appreciative of Miss Austen's talents and her particular genius, polished and polite. What we have been able to learn of her private life only increases our affection and our admiration for the scope of her writing which, though it is never very broad, still shows a worldliness and a perception unexpected from such a quiet existence.

Miss Elizabeth Jenkins' **JANE AUSTEN** (Gollancz. 15s.) will be welcomed by Miss Austen's admirers for two reasons. For the value of the research itself, and for the reminder that it gives one of the works of that exquisite novelist. If it were only for that, one would be grateful for a biography that sent one back to *Mansfield Park* and *Pride and Prejudice* with fresh interest.

One of the most charming aspects of Jane Austen, and one that almost invariably throws a light on her extreme modesty on the subject of her own work, is her attitude to children. She was very much loved by them and corresponded a great deal with her nephews and nieces. In one of her letters which survives, Jane Austen writes to a little girl who had herself lately acquired a niece: "My dear Caroline, I am sorry that you got wet in your ride; now that you are become an aunt, you are a person of some consequence and must excite great interest whatever you do. I have always maintained the importance of aunts as much as possible, and I am sure of your doing the same now."

When one of her young acquaintances sent her a story she applauded and commented, "I wish I could finish stories as fast as you can . . . I am much obliged to you for the sight of Olivia, and think you have done for her very well; but the good-for-nothing father, who was the real author of all her faults and sufferings, should not escape unpunished. I hope *he* hung himself, or took the name of Bone or underwent some direful penance or other."

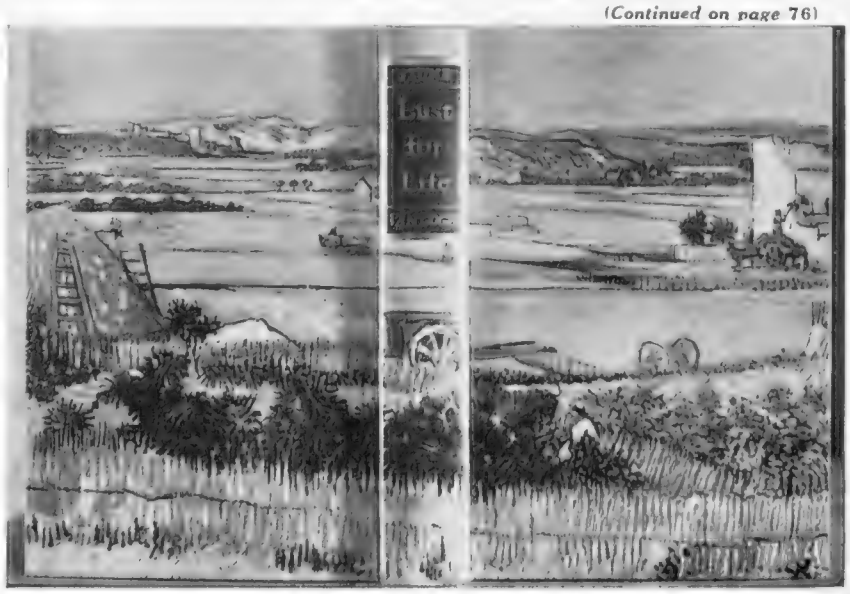
Jane Austen's life was quiet and lived almost entirely in the country with the occasional distraction of visits to Bath and to friends and relatives in other country houses, but, busy with her work, her correspondence and the many calls on her affections, she was never lonely, and the placidity of her manner of existence seems seldom to have been threatened with dullness. She enjoyed writing, and was in all her work a meticulous artist. Miss Jenkins' biography helps to show that she was also a lovable person.

Miss Laura Krey is an innovator, and she should get the praise due to people of her initiative. With the nineteenth century as her period, with the southern states of America as her background, and with heroism and tragedy and young romance as her theme, she has elected to write, *not* of the civil war, with its obvious opportunities for colourful story-telling, but of that long period of reconstruction which followed it, and of the Texas which saw that long struggle.

. . . **AND TELL OF TIME** (Collins. 10s. 6d.) begins with the end of the civil war and the coming home of young Cavin Darcy with his equally young, equally courageous bride. They travel back on the crest of a wave of people, moving out of Georgia and Carolina and Louisiana to find new land. Cavin takes over his father's position as a land-owner and his father's work, to raise crops, to build roads, to keep the country safe and to deal with the problem of the freed slaves.

The Ku Klux Klan rides, and Cavin's little wife learns of a new use for the pearl-handled pistols with which her father taught her to practise marksmanship in the peace of his own garden. The broad waters of the Brazos bring life to the land,

(Continued on page 76)



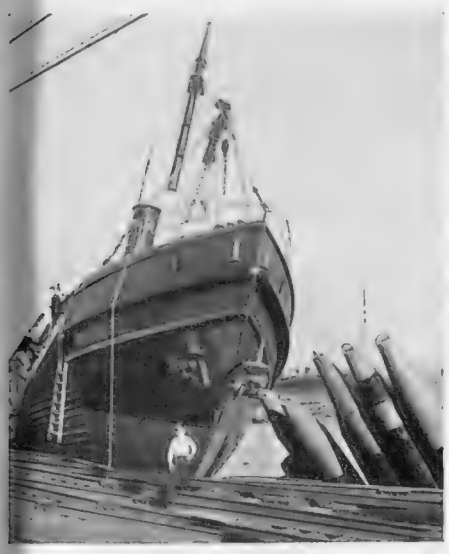
AN UNUSUAL COVER DESIGN: Van Gogh's painting "Vegetable Gardens" has been lithographed in colours on the binding of the new Nonesuch Press edition of Irving Stone's *Lust for Life*, which tells Van Gogh's tragic story in the form of a novel. The book contains 150 reproductions of the artist's work and is priced at 20s.

HURRICANE HAVOC in the UNITED STATES

Over 300 Lose their Lives in a Major Disaster on the Eastern Seaboard

A TRAIL OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION: This car was toppled into the breach made in a bridge at Westhampton, New York State, during the tropical hurricane which recently roared up from the West Indies, struck Long Island with its full force, and then raged northward through the six New England states and Canada, resulting in a loss of over 300 lives and damage to property estimated in the neighbourhood of £20,000,000. At least 10,000 families are homeless, and the disaster, which was overshadowed by the international crisis, was almost comparable in extent to the last Mississippi floods

PLAYTHING OF THE WINDS: When the hurricane warning was issued this aeroplane was lashed to the runway at Farmingdale, Long Island, and it was thought that, thus secured, it would be safe. Such was the fury of the gale, however, that it was turned right over



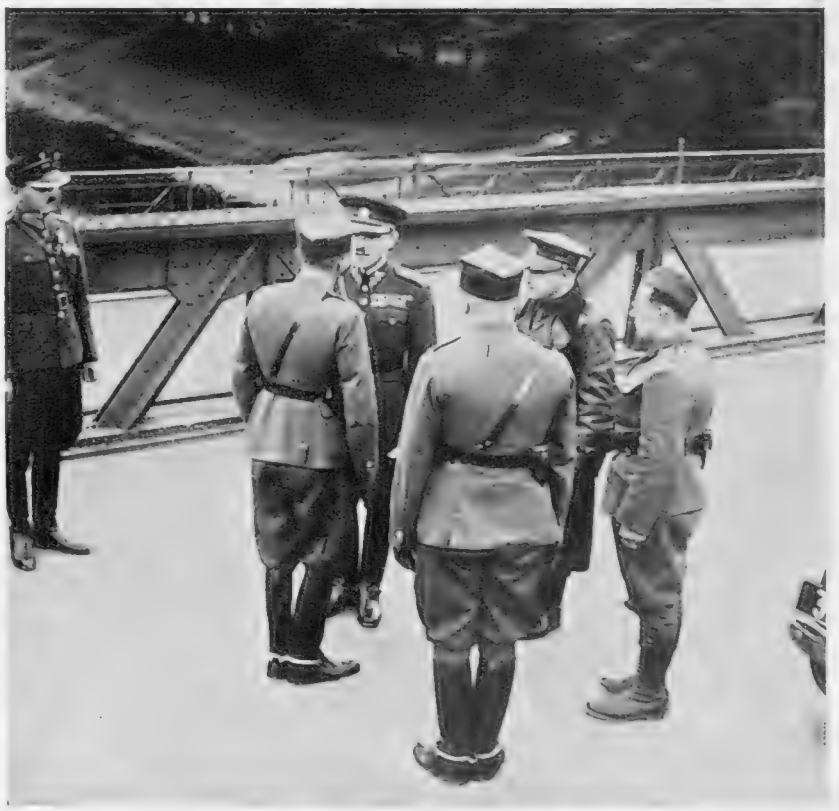
SHIPS LIFTED ASHORE BY THE GIANT HAND OF THE HURRICANE: Two more examples of havoc on the eastern seaboard of America. *Left*—A United States lighthouse tender high and dry on the tracks of the New Haven Railroad, and (*right*) a fishing schooner in similar plight. It crushed several sheds and overturned a car in its destructive course. Both pictures were taken at New London, Connecticut, one of the hardest hit cities

A HOUSE RIPPED IN TWO at Westhampton, fashionable Long Island resort, where over thirty bodies were recovered after the hurricane had passed on its all-destroying way, and where a large majority of the villas were either badly damaged or completely wrecked

POLAND MARCHES INTO TESCHEN

"A Bloodless Victory Brings a Rich Dowry"—Czechoslovakia's Great Loss

THE POLES TAKE POSSESSION: Steel-helmeted infantrymen watched by a big crowd as they marched through the town of Teschen and took over the first part of the rich industrial area which Czechoslovakia agreed to cede to Poland following last week's ultimatum. There, as in the Sudetenland, the occupation was carried through without incident, and plebiscites will be held prior to the final settlement



A MEETING ON THE OLZA BRIDGE: Polish and Czech officers discussing arrangements for the Polish occupation of the Teschen area as they met at the frontier. This land beyond the Olza, which Poland has acquired, is rich in mineral wealth and has important blast furnaces, metallurgical plants and textile factories. The economic loss to Czechoslovakia is enormous, and it is little wonder that Polish papers are referring to the "bloodless victory that has brought with it a rich dowry"

GALE HAVOC IN ENGLAND: This hoarding in Hall Road, Hulme, Manchester, was prevented from complete collapse, a lamppost sustaining it after it had been battered by last Monday's great gale, which was fairly general throughout the country

FOR THE BIGGER GIBRALTAR: This giant block of granite, which was quarried near Bodmin, weighs no fewer than thirteen tons and is to be the largest piece of stone used in connection with the new naval dockyard extension at Gibraltar

THE DUCHESS OF KENT DEPUTISES: A child curtseying to Her Royal Highness after handing over a purse containing subscriptions for the West Herts Hospital during last Saturday's gathering at Hemel Hempstead where the Duchess also opened the new buildings and laid the foundation stone of a children's block. She took the place of Queen Mary who was confined to the house by illness

THE LLAMADONK! A first glance at this picture gives the impression that the London Zoo has acquired a strange new animal. Actually the llamadonk came into being when the photographer was attempting to take a picture of the llama in the Pets' Corner, and a donkey jutted out his head at the critical moment

FACETS OF HOME NEWS

A DIARY OF THE CRISIS

Being a Brief Record of the Dramatic Moves in the European Situation Between September 27 and October 3

In last week's issue of "The Sphere" a diary was published of the main moves in the international situation between September 12 and 27, when it seemed to all but the most optimistic that Europe's peace was at an end, that in a few days we would be faced with virtual Armageddon. But one voice rang out that would not be denied. "I have read the speech of the German Chancellor and I appreciate the references to the efforts I have made to save the peace," declared Mr. Chamberlain. "I cannot abandon those efforts since it seems to me incredible that the peoples of Europe, who do not want war with one another, should be plunged into a bloody struggle over a question on which agreement has already been largely obtained." Thus spake the Premier in the early hours of the morning of September 27, and from that moment onwards drama was piled upon drama until at long last the world knew that, for a space at any rate, gas-masks could be put aside and bomb-proof trenches would not be needed

SEPTEMBER 27.—The Secretary of the Admiralty announced that it had been decided to mobilise the fleet as a purely precautionary measure. . . . The Berlin wireless announced that unless Czechoslovakia agreed to accept the terms of the German memorandum by 2 p.m. on September 28 Germany would mobilise. . . .

SEPTEMBER 28.—At 2.50 p.m. precisely the Prime Minister entered the House of Commons from behind the Speaker's chair. In the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery a long line of diplomats had come to hear the fate of Europe. The Ambassadors of the United States, France, Italy, and Belgium were there, and, at the corner of the bench, a well-nigh tragic figure, sat the Czechoslovak Minister, M. Masaryk, while on the floor of the House every inch was thronged by the tense crowds of the rank and file. The atmosphere was charged with emotion—with a deep suspense.

A score or more members remembered how in similar circumstances they had gathered to hear Grey in 1914, and how they had dispersed in the dark shadows of impending calamity. Then the Premier rose and with the help of voluminous notes embarked on his long speech, giving a lucid and candid review of events leading to a situation which he said had had no parallel since 1914. Nothing that Mr. Chamberlain had to say relieved the gloom, until suddenly things began to happen. Lord Halifax was seen to receive a message in the Gallery and to hurry out. Lord Dunglass, the Prime Minister's Parliamentary Private Secretary, left the House and returned with two sheets of paper which he handed to Sir John Simon. The latter scanned them hastily and thrust them into the hands of Mr. Chamberlain.

Mr. Chamberlain studied the documents in silence for a full minute, and then, turning back to his audience, he said quietly: **"I have something more to tell the House."** Thus he broke the news of the Munich conference. Members, on hearing his words, rose to cheer and cheer again. Pandemonium broke loose. Order papers were waved in the air. As if by magic the nightmare was over. There was one more chance to see what reason and good will could do. "So ended," said *The Times*, "with a ray of light too bright to be moonshine, a scene which had opened in the deepest gloom."

SEPTEMBER 29.—The Four-Power Conference, called by Herr Hitler at the suggestion of Mr. Chamberlain to make a last-minute effort to save the peace of Europe, opened at Munich, the British and French Premiers and the German and Italian Dictators journeying to the Bavarian capital and remaining in conference for the rest of the day. When Mr. Chamberlain left Heston for this, his third journey to Germany in a fortnight, a large number of his Cabinet colleagues were present to see him off. Before leaving, the Prime Minister expressed his hopes of the success of this final effort at peacemaking in the following words:—***"When I was a little boy I used to repeat: 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again.' That is what I am doing. When I come back I hope to be able to say, as Hotspur said in Henry IV, 'Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.'"***

SEPTEMBER 30.—The Munich Wireless Service announced at 1.30 a.m. that the Führer, the Duce, the British Prime Minister, and the French Prime Minister had signed an agreement as to the methods to be adopted in the transfer of the Sudeten territory. It was arranged that the Sudeten area should be evacuated zone by zone between October 1 and October 10, while a plebiscite should be held in certain districts under the jurisdiction of an international commission. The terms of the agreement were duly submitted to the Czechoslovakian Government and were accepted by General Sirovy, the Prime Minister, who in a subsequent speech declared:—"I have taken the decision to save life and to save the nation. As a soldier I had to choose the way of peace." Before leaving Munich Mr. Chamberlain paid a farewell visit to Herr Hitler at which they both signed a declaration signifying ***"the desire of our two peoples never to go to war with one another again."***

Later in the day Mr. Chamberlain returned by air to London, being received by a jubilant throng at Heston aerodrome and afterwards appearing with the King and Queen on the balcony at Buckingham Palace.

OCTOBER 1.—In accordance with the Munich agreement German troops marched across the Czechoslovak frontier to occupy the first of the Sudeten zones allotted to them. There was no resistance of any kind, all Czech troops and police having withdrawn from the area on the previous night. Hosts of people lined the streets of the occupied towns, cheering and pelting the drivers of the armoured cars with flowers. At the same time many Czechs, Jews and German Social Democrats fled towards Prague to seek sanctuary.

Czechoslovakia accepted, "under protest," the terms of the final note sent by Poland, and it was agreed that the Teschen district, which covers an area of 500 miles and has a population of 300,000, should be handed over almost immediately to Poland.

Mr. Duff Cooper, First Lord of the Admiralty, resigned from the Government on the grounds of his disagreement with Mr. Chamberlain's foreign policy.

OCTOBER 2.—This was Peace Sunday in Britain, services of thanksgiving being held throughout the country.

While German troops continued to enter Sudetenland, and Polish troops took possession of the first zone allotted to them "beyond the Olza," the Hungarian Minister in Prague presented a note to the Czechoslovakian Foreign Minister demanding similar concessions to Hungary.

OCTOBER 3.—Herr Hitler entered Germany's new territory near Asch—home town of Herr Henlein—and toured part of Sudetenland, arriving in the afternoon at Eger where he delivered an impassioned speech in the course of which he declared, ***"Never shall this land be torn from the Reich."***

On this day all hands seemed to be against Prague. "While the cities of Europe rejoiced, Prague alone wore a crown of thorns."

Both Houses of Parliament met and debated foreign affairs, and in the Commons the Prime Minister defended the Government's policy. An immediate advance of £10,000,000 to the Czechoslovak Government was announced

A real Scot enjoying a real Scotch

STORIES OF THE CLANS No. 8

Here's a Robertson, The Clann Donnachaidh, the descendants of Duncan the Fat, have bracken for their badge, and for them it has been claimed that they are unquestionably the oldest family in Scotland. It was Duncan himself who either upon an expedition in pursuit of his enemy Ewan MacDougall, Lord of Lorn, or upon the morning of Bannockburn found the crystal ball, the Clach na Bratich, that has ever since been the talisman of the clan.

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SPEY ROYAL
Scotch Whisky
10 YEARS OLD

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Amazing scenic spectacles wherever you go, sea bathing from golden beaches, sports and pastimes of all kinds; a new kind of life without the drawbacks of unfamiliar customs and foods; a climate so fresh and invigorating that it gives zest to everything you do.

Illustrated publications and details of "Winter" fares are obtainable from the Travel Bureau, South Africa House, London, W.C.2, or accredited agencies.

SOUTH AFRICA

THE PETROL WORLD

NEW and INTERESTING DAIMLERS

The Programme for 1939

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. (*Clerk of the Course, Brooklands*)

EXTENDING AN AUTOBAHN: A view of one of the new German motor roads from Munich, which, prior to Austria's annexation by Germany, ended abruptly at the Austrian frontier near Salzburg, but now that the boundary no longer exists, is being extended to Linz and Vienna

THE Daimler Company have some interesting items in their programmes for the current year. These include two new engines, a 4-litre and a 2½-litre, and a new 24 h.p. owner-driven Daimler saloon. The new engines have respectively been built for the Daimler 4-litre Straight Eight and the well-known Fifteen 2½-litre car. The advent of the two new engines has made the Daimler Company decide to rename the old Fifteen the Fifteen 2½-litre, and the old Light Straight Eight the 4-litre. Although only slightly larger in horse power rating, these new units have a much better performance while retaining the well-known Daimler qualities of silence and smoothness.

The 32 h.p. Straight Eight, of which the Royal State cars are famous examples, remains unchanged for the new season, and in this connection it is interesting to learn that Messrs. Stratstone, Limited, who have recently received the honour of appointment as motor car suppliers to H.M. the King, have been further honoured by receiving a command from His Majesty to supply a new Daimler Straight Eight with a special limousine body to be built by the well-known firm of coachbuilders, Messrs. Hooper and Co. (Coachbuilders), Limited. This new Daimler is to be delivered on January 1 next. Slight minor improvements have been incorporated in the new medium-sized Daimler Twenty

When the Daimler Fifteen was introduced last year it met with instant popularity and now that it has a new 2½-litre 6-cylinder engine of far greater power its popularity is bound to be still further increased. Its maximum running speed has been increased to 4,000 r.p.m., which gives a top-gear performance of 75 m.p.h. The usual features, including a fluid-fly-wheel transmission, pre-selector gears and underslung worm drive to the rear axle, are all retained. One of the most pleasing features of the Daimler Twenty, which remains almost unchanged, is the excellent steering lock which enables the car to be easily handled in the narrowest thoroughfares.

The new Daimler Twenty-four has this year been added to the Daimler range to provide a large-sized owner-driven model between the Twenty and the 4-litre models. Although new in design and appearance, this car does not depart from current Daimler practice. The engine is a 6-cylinder unit, possessing overhead valves and with its seven-bearing crankshaft it is not difficult to realise that its smoothness is even outstanding for a Daimler product. The two impressive body designs provide ample room for five large-sized people, while the interior finish and equipment leaves nothing to be desired.

The Daimler Twenty-four Limousine, which is the next biggest car in the range, is retained almost unchanged with the exception of minor improvements to the coachwork and equipment. There is a large range of coachwork to select from and the prices start from £875. The new 4-litre engine makes the 4-litre Daimler an outstanding car. It gives the performance of a really high grade sports car and at the same time retains the silent, smooth running for which the name Daimler stands. It is claimed that the engine will propel the car in complete silence up to 90 m.p.h. while the acceleration and braking are really remarkable. The biggest car in the programme is the Daimler Straight Eight which has carried off premier awards for the best four-door saloon car irrespective of price in three major car rallies during the present year.

Among the more recent innovations which have been introduced by local authorities with a view to reducing the accident rate is the provision of "traffic lanes" on certain main thoroughfares. Although these white lines by now are a familiar sight on many main roads, particularly in the vicinity of London and other large towns, there still appears to be, on the part of some drivers, a certain amount of failure to comprehend the function of these "traffic lanes." The R.A.C. points out it is not the intention that slow traffic should be confined to the near-side lane and fast traffic to the centre lane. On the contrary, the object is to remind drivers that *all* traffic should keep to the near side, and that the crown of the road should be used only when overtaking.

A FAVOURITE IMPROVED: The Daimler Fifteen, which now has a 2½-litre engine of greater power, resulting in a considerably increased performance and a speed of 75 m.p.h.

A BENTLEY ANNOUNCEMENT

AN IMPROVED 4¼-LITRE CAR

WITH OVER-DRIVE GEARBOX

A number of important improvements have been effected in the 4¼-litre Bentley resulting in a car that is superior to its predecessor in MAXIMUM SPEED, GENERAL CONTROLLABILITY, ACCELERATION, SILENCE AND SMOOTHNESS.

1 MAXIMUM SPEED—The provision of an over-drive gearbox enables a higher maximum speed to be attained without exceeding maximum engine revolutions.

2 CONTROLLABILITY — Steering of improved design, which is appreciably lighter to operate, coupled with the employment of larger tyres on smaller wheels, provides greater controllability under all conditions.

3 ACCELERATION—By reason of the modified gear ratios and slight engine modifications, acceleration is improved under certain conditions.

4 SILENCE AND SMOOTHNESS—The slower running engine under normal driving conditions, due to the use of the over-drive gear, coupled with the slight engine modifications, gives greater silence and smoothness.

5 OTHER FEATURES
Centralised chassis lubrication.
Automatic shock absorbers with over-riding hand control.
Improved illumination of instruments.

Chassis £1,150 : Saloon £1,510 : Coupé £1,535

Cars of this type will be on view at the Motor Exhibition at Earl's Court October 13th—22nd

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OCT 13-22

DAILY 10 till 10
ADMISSION - - - - - - 2/6
except Thursdays and Tuesday before 5 p.m. - - - - - - 5/-
LADIES' DAY, THURS. OCT. 13. The customary charge for admission on the opening day conveys the privilege of free admission for a lady accompanied by a gentleman.

Official Catalogue 1/6 post free.
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controlled by the R.A.C., adjoins the Exhibition.

EARLS COURT

LONDON, S.W.5

C.D.C.

MYSTERY OF THE "CHRISTOBEL COLON" (Continued from page 54)

found that uncanny just you try a ship. A ship should essentially be full of life but this one had been completely deserted for months.

There I was in black darkness fumbling my way from the engine room to the hold. Every now and then I could hear a door banging somewhere down below, no doubt it was the tide creeping in—in one room I found a tap running and when I reached what had been the doctor's cabin I pressed a bell and it actually rang faintly in the stern.

Somehow that struck me as the weirdest thing of all—I don't know why, but I almost expected a steward to come running to the call. It was obviously high time I was getting on deck, and I was thankful to get out into the sun.

Before I left I dropped a heavy bollard into the depths of the engine room. There was an echoing splash as it reached the deep black water in which the stairway disappears.

I don't know how much longer the *Christobel Colon* can battle with those seas. If the weather is kind to her she may last another year. But with occasional creaks and groans she is breaking up—the end is nearly in sight and it is rather sad to see a beautiful vessel such as she devoured by the waves.

CONCERNING OYSTERS (Continued from page 54)

The oyster industry is carried on mainly in the U.S.A., Holland, and France. English oysters are reputed to be the best in the world, but we do not produce them on quite such a large scale.

About 90 per cent. of American oysters come from "planted" beds. Chesapeake Bay is the most productive natural oyster bed in the world. The U.S.A. yield 20,000,000 to 30,000,000 bushels a year, valued at £3,000,000. England and Wales produced 40,000,000 oysters in 1920 (a good year) and only 16,000,000 in 1926: even so, they were worth £160,000. Splitting it up into local districts: the Fal estuary had 10,000,000 oysters in 1920, and 2,500,000 six years later (value £8,750).

Before the war, Scotland used to yield nearly 1,500,000 oysters annually; but recently barely £500 worth a year has been produced there. The French enthusiasm for oysters is staggering: "flat" oysters alone are worth 8,000,000 francs a year to France! Yet even here the production is declining: it was 923,000,000 in 1911, and only 10,000,000 in recent years. But it takes America to deal in a big way with oysters: 568,000 cases of *canned* oysters, valued at nearly 4,000,000 dollars, are produced a year in the States. Even the shells are not wasted: the shell-grit is exported to England to feed laying hens!

You pay 15s. a dozen for Colchester oysters in London. In New Zealand you can pick them off the rocks, and they fetch a penny each in shops. A "Buy Empire Oysters" slogan seems indicated! Oyster supplies are decreasing, but there's profiteering somewhere in these exorbitant prices.

Probably the oyster will have the laugh on us in the end. For oysters are getting scarce. Unless we have a long close-season they may eventually become extinct. America has exploited her oyster beds so mercilessly that some have disappeared. Overfishing and pollution of the sea by oil, etc., have taken their toll; and since 1920 (a year of heavy mortality) numbers have declined around English shores.

Queen Elizabeth was crazy about oysters. But many great writers have not liked them. Thackeray thought that eating an oyster was like "swallowing a naked baby," Dr. Johnson thought scalloped oysters tasted like "children's ears in sawdust," and Thomas Fuller, three centuries ago, wondered that oysters should be "the only meat that men eat alive, and yet account it no cruelty."

THE WORLD OF BOOKS (Continued from page 70)

the country in which the author spent her own childhood, and thousands of acres stand ready for the plough.

Not till he is an old man does Cavin consciously formulate the creed that has animated him in his long and richly-lived career. "How on earth's a man worth his salt going to keep himself safe? . . . A man has to do his own job in this world as well as he can, or somebody else'll be doing it for him." Homespun words, but not a plebeian spirit.

The author of *Gone With the Wind* should enjoy this book; in any case it will save her the trouble of writing a sequel.

"NOT JUST A GENTLEMAN'S TOY": This was what Mr. C. E. Nicholson, the noted designer, said, of Mr. W. H. Collins' new 475-ton twin screw luxury yacht *Wilna* after she had been launched at Gosport. Mr. Nicholson went on to explain that high-powered diesel yachts such as this "could be of great use (in time of war) for the protection of merchant shipping"

Mr. David Horner has some of that genuine love of France which shows itself in the infinite pleasure with which he explores its byways, savours its food and enjoys its conversations. He is a keen and critical observer (I was amused by his dismissal of "the infamous Viollet-le-Duc"), and the field of his observation has been a good deal wider than that of the ordinary writer of books of French travel, though I do seem to remember a gentleman called Mr. R. L. Stevenson who did quite well with the same subject.

But to return to Mr. Horner, his book, THROUGH FRENCH WINDOWS (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.), which I understand is his first, has given me a great deal of pleasure for its own charm and for the memories it has prompted. Mr. Horner believes that the best way to enter France is from the south-west and he gives Toulouse as the goal of those southern gateways.

His stay at Toulouse began with an adventurous bath but continued more happily with an excellent meal and a visit to the curious church of Notre Dame du Taur. Armed with the travel diary of the incomparable Philip Thicknesse, he visited Dijon, journeyed to Beaune with a remarkable train acquaintance who insisted on his standing and saluting each famous vine district, which made the names of passing stations read like the names on a wine list.

Mr. Horner, as I have said, likes France, and although he travels more like a cultured Englishman on a modest Grand Tour than as a man who would enjoy being mistaken for a native of the place, his books show the greatest awareness and a very lively sense of fun. It is a young book and an intelligent one.

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WONDROUS JAPAN: *A Land Where, Scenically Speaking, Superlatives are Inadequate: Enchantment of Blossom and Snow*

NATURE IN GLORIOUS SYMMETRY: Mount Fuji has been painted and photographed times without number but, somehow, there is nothing wearisome in this repetition, for it epitomises the wondrous grandeur of the Japanese scene

IT is not easy to write about Japan. Superlatives seem to ring untrue, vulgar, perhaps inadequate. There are parts of the coast that make you say "I don't believe it; it's too fantastic." Inland are active volcanoes and roaring cascades, but in the lake district around Mount Fuji you sense the infinite peace. If scenery is the objective of your travel you will find rich reward in Japan. It is a country of astonishing contrasts: the ultra modern goes hand-in-hand with age-old. The newcomer finds many ways of life very different, perversely opposite it seems, but probably that is how the Japanese regard our ways. I can recommend the interesting experience of living for a time in a Japanese hotel. You may be sure of scrupulous cleanliness and you will be introduced to some quaint customs. The communal bath, for instance, may be a little embarrassing to the western mentality, but that can be overcome, and, in any case, you would probably find it too hot. The theatres and places of amusement will show you things you have never seen before, such as dances of great antiquity and old-style Japanese plays known as *Kabuki*. Yet these are the people who go in tens of thousands to see baseball and enjoy a round of golf with the best of us.

In the Japanese Empire are more than 4,000 islands and on the continent of Asia, Tyosen, formerly known as Korea. The principal concern of the traveller, however, will be the islands of Honshu, usually referred to as the mainland, Hokkaido, separated from it by the Tsugaru Straits in the north, and Kyushu to the south. The archipelago trails away to the south, and part of Taiwan (Formosa) is in the tropics. That island is four days by steamer from Kobe, has magnificent mountain and forest scenery, and in its wild and more remote parts an ancient race still has its home. Niitaka, the highest mountain in Japan, is in Taiwan.

Travelling east you will probably pass through the narrow strait at Moji and have a wonderful sail of 240 miles through the tranquil Inland Sea to the fine harbour of Kobe, Japan's foremost seaport, protected by a range of tree-clad hills. The Inland Sea is formed by the islands of Kyushu and Shikoko and the mainland, and on its shores are some delightful resorts, notably Beppu, the best known spa in Japan. Mijajima, a sacred island just off the mainland, has a shrine built on supports running into the sea, and the Torii, or gateway, some distance from the shore, has been immortalised by artists.

From Kobe you can quickly reach Osaka, the commercial and industrial metropolis. Thirty miles beyond in different directions are two interesting cities which must come in your itinerary, Kyoto, for a thousand years the capital, and Nara, a still older capital. They are both rich in historical associations, shrines and temples, and there is a famous deer park at Nara. Also in that neighbourhood, at Horyuji, is the oldest Buddhist temple, built thirteen centuries ago. Near Kyoto you can enjoy the thrill of shooting the Hodzu Rapids.

It is possible to include all these places in a quick look round from Kobe, but it is better to take time over them and from Kyoto make for Tokyo overland. On the way you will see Lake Biwa, the largest in Japan, and an interesting route is over Mount Hiei where there is a monastery among tall cryptomeria trees. Road and rail from the lake take the old trail to the south coast and cross the Hakone Mountains near Mount Fuji, or as it is now spelt, Huzi. The Japanese have altered the English spelling of a number of their place names, but it will not be easy to shake us off Fuji. Let us try. The *Huzi* Hakone National Park embraces some of the magnificent scenery in this part and being about 70 miles from Tokyo is a popular resort. Somewhat nearer the park is Yokohama, a fine modern city where less than eighty years ago was a fishing village. This is the terminus of the voyage from the west, and for the liners from America the first port of call.

Tokyo, brilliant and bustling, will claim you for many days. While its modernism may dazzle, there is peace in its heart, for there within an ancient moat is the Imperial Palace, majestic and aloof. When you can tear yourself away you must go on nearly 100 miles to Nikko, the premier resort of Japan, surrounded by some of the loveliest scenery in this lavishly endowed land.

Many more places for your itineraries might well run away with the rest of my space, but there are other considerations. Festivals are a feature of life in Japan—they are full of colour and interest for the traveller. While every village has its temple festival, the most spectacular are at Tokyo, Nikko, and Kyoto. New Year is celebrated throughout the country from January 1 to 3; the girls have a festival in March called Hina Matsuri, and the boys in May, the Tango-no-Sekku. A great event at Kyoto in April is the Cherry Dance. That is the month of cherry blossom, which, with the imperial chrysanthemum, everybody associates with Japan. All the people are very floral-minded and each month of the year has its favourite flower or tree, from pine in January to the camellia in December. February brings the first blossom—plum. The seasons, of course, vary somewhat owing to the country's long stretch from north to south.

The floral aspect of Japan has been so attractive to us that we do not often give a thought to its snow fields. Winter sports as we know them are a comparatively recent introduction into the country. They made a rapid conquest. Many of the ski grounds and skating rinks are within easy reach of Tokyo.

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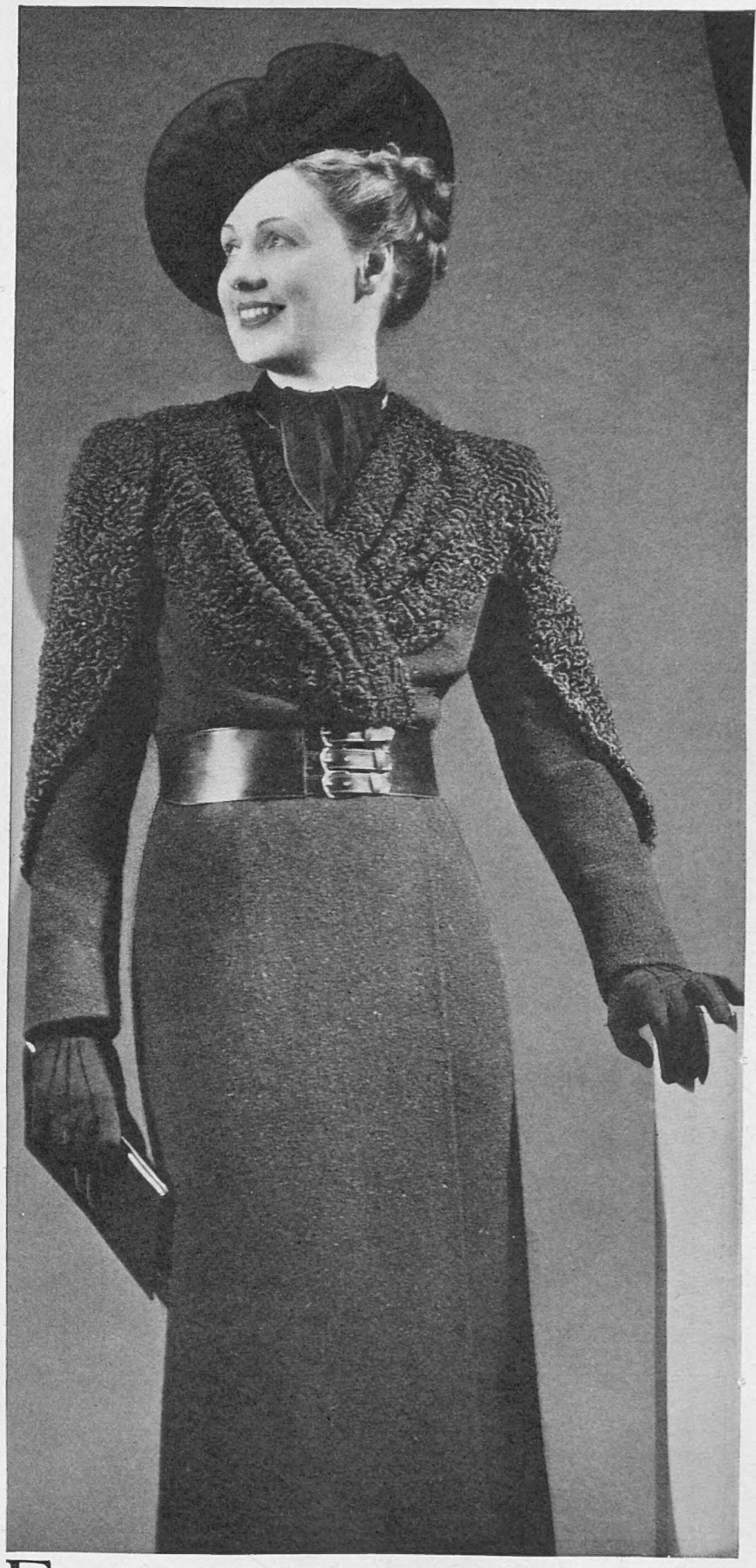

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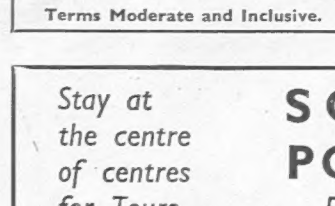

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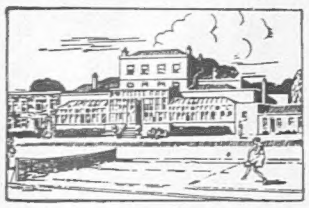

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In Quest of

The Peaceful Places of the West
Rest and Relaxation: Retreats If

AS I write, the world, after being enveloped in the deepest gloom, has suddenly, through one man's magic, become a place of sunshine again, and once more we can turn our attention to the peaceful places where, following a period of intense stress, we may seek a well deserved relaxation. For the threat of war, courageously as it may be faced, inevitably leaves its mark upon the strongest. There is no tension without reaction.

In perusing this article it may be borne in mind that the places mentioned might well serve a useful purpose should hostilities threaten again, and there is not one of us who can really afford to remain blind to the possibilities.

When thinking of peaceful retreats the West Country immediately leaps to mind. Let it not be supposed that the West Country is the only safe area in England, for every county has its neighbourhoods which are unlikely to feel the material horrors of war.

But the West Country is at least the obvious choice for a first article, since it is not unreasonable to assume that danger in the form of the aeroplane will always approach Britain from the east and the south-east. After considering at length and poring over my map, I have come to the conclusion that the coast-line from the border of Somerset and Devon down to Land's End is perhaps the safest limited area that can be picked anywhere in the south.

It gives me, I must confess, great pleasure to believe this, for this so-called north coast of Cornwall has always suffered, for some unfathomable reason, from public prejudice. Is it the word "north," I wonder, or those fascinating pictures of wild seas breaking over savage rocks, which have given it this unjust reputation for severity of climate? Let me, at any rate, assure you with my hand on my heart that such a reputation *is* unjust.

Bude, for instance, has one of the most gentle and temperate climates in the whole of England. It is a perfect winter resort, and for the very good reason that the Gulf Stream—the most important source of warm weather for these islands — flows nearer to Bude than to any other town in Great Britain.

Bude is in every sense of the word a peaceful place, and it is perhaps not out of place to remind my readers that in the last war when the menace of the bombing aeroplane became known for the first time, Bude leapt into popularity as a refuge.

My regular readers will be already familiar with Bude's principal hotel, the Grenville. It claims — and I can personally endorse this claim—to be second to none in Cornwall.

It is a friendly, bright hotel which I am never tired of recommending or of staying at myself. It well typifies the peaceful homely atmosphere of Bude.

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ALL UNDER ONE ROOF

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Country Call the Londoner to Ever War Should Threaten Again

But if you are the sort of person who instinctively shuns "principal hotels" —and I must urge you that when they are like the Grenville, there is no possible reason for doing so—you will hunt out—also in Bude and also in a picked position — the Hartland Private Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Abbot run this little haven with tremendous zest and great skill. Even if you go there for but one night, it will not be their fault if you do not stay for many, for they will see to it that you have no excuse to leave.

The Hartland Hotel is not only as secure as anywhere can be from the noise of the bomber, it is even secluded from the common-or-garden noise of traffic. "Here is peace," you seem to see in your mind as you arrive at the end of its private road, and there indeed the discriminating traveller will find it.

Farther eastwards, along that same coast, are two places which deserve particular mention in such an article as this—Southcliff Hall Hotel at Lee-on-Sea, near Ilfracombe, and Lee Abbey Hotel, near Lynton. Southcliff Hall has been called the flower garden of the Bristol Channel, a name which is, to be sure, well-earned, but which hardly conveys to one who does not know it the amazing comfort and seclusion of this unique hotel. Mr. W. Carruthers Bell is to be congratulated on running an hotel which is perfect in position, in comfort, and in service; which is, in a word, a fitting memorial to the barons who once resided there.

Lee Abbey can also claim to be unique and I know few hotels which more truly merit such a description. We sentimentalise over the glorious ruins of far distant architecture easily enough. How much more grateful should we be to men of vision who turn such a place as Lee Abbey into such a gem of an hotel. A glorious stately pile, standing in the midst of 400 acres of private grounds, which include—in addition to such modern amenities as a golf course and secluded bathing beaches —acres and acres of woodland, for many years now a natural bird sanctuary.

This is what life has to offer at Lee Abbey and when you return to the hotel in the evening after a busy day in the course of which you have, likely enough, never left the hotel grounds, you will find awaiting you that peculiar sort of comfort which befits the dignity and spaciousness of the building. A haunt of peace, if ever there was one, it might be considered as a fitting monument to peace.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Bognor Regis.—"Dalbeattie," Private Hotel.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Cambridge.—University Arms. Tel. 2557
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Coverack (Cornwall).—Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
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Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Mudeford (Hants.).—Avonmouth Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southampton.—The Polygon Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

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Eaton Socon (56½).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
S.Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.

SCOTLAND

Balfron (Stirlingshire).—Ballikenrain Castle Htl
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Tweedsmuir (Peeblesshire).—The Crook Inn.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

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Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
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